

# THE ACADEMY.

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SESSION 1881-2.

### I. DEPARTMENT OF ARTS AND LAW.

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The SESSION will COMMENCE in these Departments on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4TH. Students will be admitted on and after Wednesday, September 28th. Candidates for admission must not be under fourteen years of age, and those under sixteen will be required to pass a Preliminary Examination in English, Arithmetic, and Elementary Latin, to be held on the 30th September.

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### LITERATURE.

*Renaissance in Italy: Italian Literature.*  
By John Addington Symonds. In 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THESE volumes bring to an end Mr. Symonds' work on the Italian Renaissance, and enable us to judge more fully of the method which has been pursued in the book as a whole. Mr. Symonds in his Preface explains that his plan was that of an essay or analytical enquiry rather than of a continuous history. The three previous volumes, dealing with the social and political conditions of Italy, the exploration of the classical past which those conditions necessitated, and the bias of the people towards figurative art, were undertaken for the purpose of obtaining a correct point of view for judging of the national literature of Italy in its strength and limitations. The two volumes before us deal more minutely with Italian literature, on the ground that literature must always prove the surest guide to the investigator of a people's character at some decisive epoch.

We are not sure that Mr. Symonds' method is the most fruitful which he could have used, or that he has been entirely successful in answering the questions which the Renaissance suggests to the modern mind. He began by defining the Renaissance as "the whole transition from the Middle Ages to the modern world," and he set down the chief features of the Middle Ages to be feudalism in politics, and "mental prostration before the idols of the Church—dogma and authority and scholasticism." Now, if we accept this definition, it is clear that the Renaissance in Italy did not mean at all the same thing as it did in the rest of Europe, for feudalism had never for any appreciable time been supreme in Italian politics; and even in the darkest ages Italy was too near the source of supreme ecclesiastical authority to be prostrate before it. Italy never recognised a breach in her political continuity or in her mental possessions. Barbarian invasions had for a time prevented the full enjoyment of her own, to which, when better times came, she naturally turned. The ideas which Italy developed she handed on to the other nations of Western Europe, to whom the reception of these ideas was in very truth a Renaissance or New Birth, marking a distinct breach with the past and the adoption of a new point of view towards the world. What was a distinct epoch in the history of every other European country was not so to Italy. In a sense, the entire history of Italian art and literature is a history of the Renaissance; in another sense, the Renaissance is a period of European

history from which Italy was practically exempt.

There are, therefore, two ways of studying the development of the Italian mind, either in reference to the results which it produced in Italy, or in reference to the results which it handed on to other nations. The first of these is simply the history of Italy, which derives its interest and owes its complexity to the fact that it was never in any real degree subject to feudalism. The second is the history of one of the great factors of European culture, which was worked out to a certain point in Italy before it passed into the common heritage of Europe. The only fault that we have to find with Mr. Symonds' work, viewed as a whole, is that it wavers between these two methods, and so prescribes arbitrary elements to the problem viewed as an Italian problem, while, on the other hand, it goes into unnecessary details for an essay on an element of European culture. Moreover, Mr. Symonds' method of isolating the several parts of his work has many disadvantages. It prevents us from seeing clearly the various stages of the process which he is describing. The changes in political and social life were rapid, and reacted on the development of art and literature with equal rapidity. Simple curiosity and joy in life, study, imitation, analysis, and science followed rapidly on one another as dominating motives, and influenced at once the whole aspect of the movement which they controlled. Mr. Symonds' thorough knowledge of the various sides of his subject renders him fully alive to this, and he embarrasses us at times by cross-references. Much of his last two volumes necessarily deals with the lives of men of letters, which illustrate the social phenomena of "The Age of the Despots." We wish to compare the Italian *novellatori* in prose and fresco at different periods, and see the connexion between Michelangelo the poet and Michelangelo the painter and sculptor. In the case of the Humanists, we cannot but regret that men who wrote in Latin have a separate position from men who wrote Italian. Some Latin writers were more than mere scholars or imitators of Latin style, and contributed much that was most characteristic to the literary movement of their time. No doubt there is a great difficulty in taking a synoptic view of Italian history at any time; but it cannot be rightly estimated until we do so.

If we turn from these general considerations of the plan of Mr. Symonds' book as a whole, we find in the two volumes before us an excellent history of Italian literature from 1450 to 1530, with a preliminary essay on its origin and development up to that date. It is the period when the division between popular literature and humanistic culture came to an end, when classic form, appropriated by scholars, was given to the prose and poetry of Italian literature. It is the period in which Italy worked out and expressed the results of her long quest after style, which thenceforth she established as a possession for all other nations. It is in this sense that Mr. Symonds speaks of this period as the golden age of Italian literature, and calls it "the true Renaissance." It was the time when the search after form produced its

greatest triumphs in literature and in art. In art the triumph was supreme, though in literature we must always regret that the content was not more worthy of the exquisite vehicle in which it was contained. But we may remark in passing that Mr. Symonds has in these two volumes altered his original definition of the Renaissance without giving us warning. He is no longer treating of the transition from the Middle Ages to the modern world; he is not even treating of the revival of classical ideas, but only of the revival of the Italian language, strengthened and rendered pliant by the labours of the Humanists. This is the central point of his volumes, and gives them unity of design. It is only on this ground that he can justify his detailed attention to the literature of this particular period.

This renaissance of Italian was begun by Lorenzo de' Medici, whose chief merit Mr. Symonds well defines as "the fusion between the love lyric handed down by Petrarch and the realistic genius of the age of Ghirlandaio." The classical spirit is shown in the definiteness with which objects are detached. No longer is everything penetrated by a dominant emotion, but delicate touches show the carefulness with which each separate detail has been envisaged by the poet. The perfection of craftsmanship was attained by Poliziano, of whom Mr. Symonds finely writes:—

"Poliziano incarnated the spirit of his age, and gave the public what satisfied their sense of fitness. The three chief enthusiasms of the fifteenth century—for classical literature, for artistic beauty, and for Nature tranquilly enjoyed—were so fused and harmonised within the poet's soul as to produce a style of unmistakeable originality and charming ease. Poliziano felt the delights of the country with serene idyllic rapture, not at second hand through the ancients, but with the voluptuous enjoyment of a Florentine who loved his villa. He had, besides, a sense of form analogous to that possessed by the artists of his age, which guided him in the selection and description of the scenes he painted. Again, his profound and refined erudition enabled him 'to shower,' as Giovio phrased it, 'the finest flowers of antique poetry upon the people.' Therefore, while he felt Nature like one who worshipped her for her own sake, and for the joy she gave him, he saw in her the subject of a thousand graceful pictures, and these pictures he studied through the radiant haze of antique reminiscences."

Lorenzo and Poliziano gave the form of refined art to the lyric and the idyll; Pulci Boiardo and Ariosto similarly wrought out the romantic epic. The epic was not indigenous to Italy, which passed through no mythic period, like the Northern nations. While the Teutons clothed in forms of misty grandeur the legendary heroes of their race, the Italians regarded Aeneas as their founder and looked on the *Aeneid* as their national epic. The legends created in other lands Italy received with all seriousness, and treated in its own fashion, as so many stories, and nothing more. In fact, the Carolingian Cycle remained the subjects merely of the literature of the vulgar. Still, they had a firm hold on the popular fancy, and the revival of literature brought its wealth of style to every vital mode of literary activity. In Ariosto this romantic epic reached its

fullest development; but in the hands of the great artist kept all the traces of its popular origin. Hence come the strong element of burlesque, the constant digressions, the conscious irony, even where the poet professes to be most serious—all of which are survivals in a literary shape of the tricks of the *improvvisor* in the piazza. As a consummate literary artist, Ariosto dazzles us by his prodigal profusion of the beauties of style; picture succeeds picture, clear, graceful, and delicate. The poet seems to turn the world into a dissolving dream of beauty; he laughs at the past, and is heedless of the future, but knows to its minutest detail all that is to be found in the present, without even then valuing it very highly.

In another direction this love for style created for itself a new world in which its spirit might find solace. At Naples, Sannazzaro discovered and mapped out the fairy-realm of Arcadia, in which the literature of every land soon found a dwelling-place. Of the formation of Arcadia Mr. Symonds well says:—

"Hesiod and the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, the idylls of Theocritus and Virgil's *Elegies*, legends of early Greek civility and romances of late Greek literature, contributed their several elements to this conception of a pastoral ideal. It blend with Biblical reminiscences of Eden, with mediaeval stories of the earthly Paradise. It helped that transfusion of Christian fancy into classic shape for which the age was always striving. On one side the ideal was purely literary, reflecting the artistic instincts of a people enthusiastic for form, and affording scope for their imitative activity. But on the other side it corresponded to a deep and genuine Italian feeling. That sympathy with rustic life, that love of Nature humanised by industry, that delight in the villa, the garden, the vine-yard, and the grove, which modern Italians inherited from their Roman ancestors, gave reality to what might otherwise have been but artificial."

Other literary forms there are into which we need not follow Mr. Symonds—the *novella*, the burlesque, the maccaronic poem. Yet it is noticeable that the stories of the Italian *novellatori* were taken as the subjects of the golden age of English dramatic art. It is indeed at first sight remarkable that Italy, when so productive in every other field of literature, should have had no great drama, especially as there was abundance of the pageants, miracle plays, and moralities from which the drama took its rise in England. Among the many reasons that may be assigned for this, one which Mr. Symonds mentions deserves special consideration. He points out that the Italians saw so many actual tragedies in the historical events which surrounded them that they had no need for their mimic representation on the stage. This remark calls attention to an important point in the historical use of literature—namely, the need for careful consideration, in each case, whether the literature is a representation of the actual facts of contemporary life or is a reaction against them. In many cases literature is engaged in seeking to supply elements which are lacking in actual life. This is obvious in some instances—as in the growth of the conception of Arcadia and Arcadian life; but in other cases, where the difference is not so strongly marked, it requires some consideration to

determine how far the evidence of literature can be literally accepted as a representation of the phenomena of social life.

If Mr. Symonds celebrates with no stint of praise the triumphs of literary art which the Italian Renaissance so prodigally produced, he does not attempt to disguise the moral corruption which underlay this worship of art for art's sake. Not only was there a general air of frivolity in all this splendid literature, but it sunk to the lowest depths of degradation in pursuit of interesting topics which might be brought within its sphere. "Quicquid agunt homines" was its motto, and things *infra-human* as well as *supra-human* were seized upon as subjects for skilful treatment. We would have been content if Mr. Symonds had indicated less particularly the exact limits to which this recklessness was carried. Men were earnest only in their pursuit of beautiful form; where they did not succeed in attaining that, they are from every point of view worthless, and had better be forgotten.

The conspicuous instance of a scientific writer at this period is Machiavelli, to whom Mr. Symonds seems to us to give scanty justice. He is amply justified in all his criticisms on the defects of the principles from which Machiavelli started; but he scarcely gives him enough credit as the first scientific historian of modern times. His conception of historical causation was just and true; his treatment of politics as a game in which the onlooker seeks for the motive of each move is a method which has been singularly fruitful among historians of the present century. Machiavelli's great merit is that, as an historian, he comprehended and expressed a scientific conception of historical evolution; his defect is that, as a political philosopher, he did not transcend the limits which his experience of his own country in his own time afforded him. We may observe, in passing, that the treatment of the more serious side of the Renaissance literature has suffered because Mr. Symonds put his account of the Florentine historians in the "Age of the Despots," and has not thought worthy of more than a passing glance the literature of ethical and philosophical dialogues in which the Humanists greatly delighted. We notice also that Mr. Symonds has nowhere found room for mention of one of the remarkable instances of the precocity of Italian thought, the *Defensor Pacis* of Marsiglio of Padua.

Mr. Symonds in his Preface expresses his satisfaction that the assistance which he needed for his task in the present volumes has been almost entirely gained from the labours of modern Italian writers. We find, indeed, a remarkable testimony to the continuity of Italian history in observing the literary activity of Italy in our day. We see there almost a repetition of the industry of the Renaissance epoch. United Italy seems to have hastened to take possession of its literary treasures, to claim them as a common treasure, and strive to make them fully known. The works of the great Italian writers are edited, studied, and commented upon with patient industry and great critical insight. The only vital element in modern Italian literature is that concerned with Italian scholarship.

Mr. Symonds' work is a valuable contribu-

tion to our knowledge of Italian literature. It is full of suggestive remarks, and is the fruits of thorough knowledge and genuine sympathy with his subject. Mr. Symonds is careful to point out that his examination is purely scientific, and that the principles of the Italian Renaissance are in no sense capable of imitation. The whole tone of his book amply justifies his claim to the attitude of a purely scientific enquirer, and no one who knew anything about the Italian Renaissance could seriously think of imitating its principles. Yet there is a certain affectation of searching after "art for art's sake" which in our day some associate with the Italian Renaissance. It is this modern affectation, rather than the actual spirit of Lorenzo's day, that Mr. Symonds reproduces in such sentences as these:—"From that moment Lorenzo began to write poems. He wandered alone and meditated on the sunflower, playing delightfully unto himself with thoughts of Love and Death." Such sentences, however, are of rare occurrence; and, though Mr. Symonds may perhaps be accused of undue diffuseness, his book is that of a scholar and a student, not of a prophet. It rests upon a minute acquaintance with the Italian literature of the central Renaissance period. It is full of just criticism, and is free from exaggerated admiration. We should not omit to notice that it contains many graceful translations which will enable English readers to form some conception for themselves of the wealth of literature through which Mr. Symonds guides them. M. CREIGHTON.

#### *My Garden Wild.* By Francis George Heath. (Chatto & Windus.)

MR. HEATH had a happy inspiration—why not make a garden entirely of wild flowers? To be sure, the notion had occurred before to hundreds of people; but few, if any, of them had at once the opportunity, the skill, the industry, and the knowledge to carry it out as the genial author of the *Fern Paradise* finally did. With them, it was only a pleasant dream; with Mr. Heath, it became at last an accomplished reality. He took a little bit of grass-plot behind his house, laid it out like a genuine piece of wild nature, stocked it with all the beautiful English plants he could find in his woodland rambles, and then sat down to write a delightful book about it which will make every sympathetic reader burn forthwith and for ever with the desire to go and do likewise. If gardens of wild flowers do not begin at once to spring up over half the little patches of back-yard within fifty miles of London, it will not be Mr. Heath's fault; for a more exquisite picture of the felicity of horticulture has seldom been drawn for us by so charming and graphic a word-painter as the writer of this pleasant little volume.

To begin with, Mr. Heath certainly enjoyed some great advantages. He came into possession of a house with a small field in its rear, already planted all round with lime-trees, which effectually shut out the view of all the neighbourhood. Against the boundary wall he built up irregular slopes of broken rock-work, which at once masked the dead uniformity of the straight enclosing lines,

and afforded delicious nooks for his favourite ferns to lurk in. Better still, he soon noticed that a tiny stream, skirting the roadway near his house, suddenly disappeared under a small archway, and re-appeared again a little further down. Tapping this lost brook in his own garden, oh, joy! he found it actually ran through the whole plot, though consigned to a tile duct, which of course he speedily cleared away, and taught the re-discovered waters to meander in an open channel through his new domain. Thus, what with the rock-work above, and the fall to the level of the stream below, a good deal of real diversity of surface was introduced into the previously flat and even plot. Moreover, about the centre of the garden the little brook was cunningly expanded into a rocky pool edged with boulders of the true moorland type. Then Mr. Heath set about stocking the little paradise he had so simply created. His intimate acquaintance with the habits of wild plants enabled him to carry out his scheme with great success. There were ferns in abundance, of course—that goes almost unsaid, for ferns have always occupied the warmest corner in Mr. Heath's nature-loving heart. Bracken grew luxuriantly in rich loam from their native wood, piled deep among the red sandstone masses of the rock-work; and, to ensure their living, the big rhizomes were dug up deeply, with all the little rootlets attached and uncut. Fronds of the graceful male fern covered the slopes; and polypodies, carefully extracted from the honey-combed hollows of ruined walls, peeped forth from the lesser crannies between the rockery. Rarer species, such as the maidenhair and other spleenworts, the osmunda, and the moonwort, were specially accommodated with fitting homes on the shady side of the big boulders that lined the garden stream, or under the spreading boughs of the lime-trees. Flowery grass banks, raised on a subsoil of peat and sand mingled with rich leaf-mould, carpeted the slopes; and among the tall haulms rose buttercups and celandines and big white stitchworts. A little marsh, manufactured by turning loose the tiny stream, made room for bog-asphodel and bog-pimpernel, for the ivy-leaved crowfoot and the great golden marsh-marigold. Spearwort and rushes lined the margin; while a green lane through the midst of the field was bright with foxglove, bindweed, and bryony. The hedges, instead of being hacked into straight rows of hawthorn alone, were interspersed with dogwood and blackthorn, and overgrown with long sprays of wild rose and clematis. The ground between was not laid out in a regular lawn, but stood up in little clumps of wild irregular bushy growth, like the hummocks of bramble, gorse, and bracken so common in woodland glades, heaths, and moors. Altogether, the picture is an enticing one, even in outline; but filled in with all Mr. Heath's richness of colouring and powers of description it makes one of the pleasantest country books that we have been lucky enough to meet with for many a long day.

The best of it all is, anybody can now imitate the example which Mr. Heath has so delightfully set. He gives such full directions about the mode of collecting and removing the plants, about the situations which they like, and about the soil and posi-

tions which should be provided for them beforehand, that it would be quite easy to establish exactly such another little patch of real wild country in any field or garden without any further guide than this one book. Moreover, Mr. Heath avoids very successfully a common error of most popular writers on botanical subjects—that of talking only about the very rarest and most inaccessible plants. It is a simple matter to make an ideal collection of English wild flowers which should be almost as gorgeous as a tropical flora; but it would also be impossible to gather them all together into one spot without devoting a lifetime to plant-hunting in out-of-the-way places. Mr. Heath goes to work in just the opposite manner. He deals almost entirely with the commonest and most widely distributed plants, which almost anybody may find for himself in almost any part of the British Isles. No doubt he grew rarer flowers as well; but about these he is discreetly silent. He evidently does not wish to encourage clumsy amateurs in their determined efforts to exterminate the few dying members of our old wild flora which still linger upon a few Scotch braes, a few Welsh hills, and a few Cornish or Devonian commons. By telling people how many really beautiful flowers they can easily get in all the meadows and moors around them, he is doing a great deal more good, and he ought to accomplish a small revolution in domestic horticulture.

GRANT ALLEN.

*Rugby, Tennessee: being Some Account of the Settlement founded on the Cumberland Plateau by the Board of Aid to Land Ownership.* By Thomas Hughes, President of the Board. (Macmillan.)

A CHEERFUL book is, in these days of pessimism and depression, a good thing, whatever may be its subject. It is especially good when its object is not merely to amuse, or to add to our knowledge, but to teach us how we may put ourselves in such conditions that, if we have healthy bodies, strong limbs, and light purses, we may have a reasonable chance of living happily. The Old World may, perhaps, not be too full of people. Whether it be so or not is a subject so beset with moral, social, and religious pitfalls that it is dangerous to speak on the subject; but, however this may be, it is a matter of everyday experience that, for many of the educated classes, there is no room at home—no room, that is, in the class of life, and among the associations, to which they have been born and educated. Such men shrink from living by hand-labour in England, for it means, in almost every case (unless, indeed, it be done for mere amusement), loss of friends and of position—that undefined shadow which is such terrible reality to most of us. To Mr. Hughes, we believe, is due in a great measure the founding of this new settlement of our race. It is intended that it should be a place where cultivated men and women should live by labour and yet be surrounded with most of the sources of real refinement to which they have been accustomed at home. It would, as yet, be premature to speculate on the ultimate result of the undertaking. If the men and women who go out are of the right

sort, we see no reason why it should not be a great success. The experiment was well worth trying, even if in the end it should turn out a failure, for it must be evident to all who have watched the signs of the times that, if there be no outlet found for the superfluous energy of the poorer members of our upper and middle classes, serious harm will very speedily result. The professions are almost all of them crowded to suffocation. Competitive examinations have rendered the entry into the public offices almost as perilous a venture as that undertaken by the baron of Triermaine for the rescue of Arthur's child; and when the battle is won the rewards are commonly not of a nature calculated to gratify a moderate ambition. A literary career has charms but for very few, and of this limited number but a fraction can hope to live thereby.

There can be no doubt that, whether Rugby succeeds or whether it falls back once more into the wilderness, a large number of our public-school boys will have to make for themselves a career outside the four seas, and it is therefore much to be desired that this new settlement should have a fair trial. The wild and pernicious nonsense talked by socialist dreamers and the dishonest persons who prosper through the vain imaginings of such visionaries have raised a not entirely unreasonable prejudice against all settlements of colonists which are brought together by any higher motives than mere gain. To live must be the first object of all; but it is surely at least worth consideration whether the fierce battle of competition may not be mitigated in some respects with advantage, and whether, from the point of view of the hardest practicality, it may not be better that innocent pleasures and some of the comforts of the higher life should be provided for from the beginning. This has been done at Rugby. A public garden is already laid out; parks, we gather, are in prospect; and there are a tennis ground, and a church which is open for the services of the various religious bodies members of which are expected to become settlers in the district. A good hotel furnishes accommodation to visitors. It has been called the "Tabard" at the suggestion of an American gentleman who bought some of the old oak bannisters of the "Tabard" hostelry from whence Chaucer's pilgrims started. He has presented these to the new "Tabard," and they form a cherished relic, connecting the Old World with the New. They are, we have heard, not of Chaucer's time, but of the seventeenth century, but the imaginative feeling which has prompted this bit of antiquarianism argues well for the refinement of the new settlement.

It is useless to criticise Mr. Hughes' style. We all admire it, notwithstanding certain quaint, almost boyish, eccentricities. One fact, not a matter of style, but of something very far deeper, must not be left unnoticed. Mr. Hughes was one of that little band of Englishmen who, when the war of twenty years ago was desolating North America, spoke out bravely on the side of freedom. His hatred of the cause for which the South fought, and happily fought in vain, is, we are sure, as intense now as it ever was; but the kindly way in which he speaks of the vanquished is in strong con-

trast with the tone of certain other persons who, while that terrible conflagration raged, and there seemed a chance of a great slave republic blighting the world by its presence, were full of admiration for the Southern chivalry.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

*Dante's Inferno.* Translated by Warburton Pike. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

THIS is one more effort to attain a goal which every lover of literature would fain see reached —viz., an adequate reproduction of the *Divina Commedia* for English readers. And it is an ambitious attempt, inasmuch as it aspires to present the original, not only line for line, but rhyme for rhyme. No one, probably, who has not tried this task will realise its difficulty. A passage, a page, perhaps even a canto, may seem to glide into English *terza rima* without gravely offending the ear which desires the music, or the mind which craves for the clear vivid pictures, of the original. But, sooner or later, the fatal sense of monotony creeps over us; the metre, in English, refuses to be what, in Italian, it so pre-eminently is—at once stately and flexible. The thing has been often attempted, but the present writer can call to mind no instance in which anything like full success has attended the effort. Byron's *Prophecy of Dante*, with all its wealth of energy, fails to give either grace or variety to the metre. Mrs. Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows*, perhaps, comes nearest to the goal; but here, as elsewhere, her rhyming is inexact, and totally lacks the charm of Dante's melting closes.

What is the reason of this failure, when the work is in such hands, and the language one so "capable," as Coleridge affirms ours to be, for the purposes of translation? It may be conjectured that one reason is the unfortunate association of dissyllabic and trisyllabic rhymes, in English, with humorous or satirical poetry. *Don Juan* is probably responsible for this, in large measure; and I should be inclined to reckon Mr. Swinburne as having contributed more largely than any modern writer to establish a sounder view of such rhymes. It is certain that much of the charm of Dante's rhyming is in its variety—in the way in which the soft dissyllabic cadence is steadied, here and there, by a weighty monosyllabic rhyme, or relieved by musical trisyllables. It is equally certain, I think, that a translation which, as Mr. Pike's, deals almost entirely in monosyllabic rhymes has *ipso facto* annihilated a great part of the literary effect it would fain reproduce. Let anyone who can read Italian, or get it read to him, compare the familiar, yet never hackneyed, lines (*Inf.*, v. 97-102)—

"Siede la terra, dove nata fui  
Sulla marina dove il Po discende  
Per aver pace co' seguaci sui.  
Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,  
Prese costui della bella persona  
Che mi fu tolta, e 'l modo ancor m' offende"

with Mr. Pike's version—

"The town wherein I had my birth is placed  
Upon the coast, where Po descends to gain  
Peace for himself and his liege streams at last.  
Love seized this man, by gentle hearts soon  
ta'en,  
For the fair body I was made to quit  
By force, e'en yet the manner gives me pain."

It is hardly recognisable as the same metre. The "dolci sospiri" of the Italian have become curt commonplace English rhymes. True, there is more amiss here than the rhymes. "La terra" is not "the town," though Ravenna is no doubt implied; it is only by an effort that we realise that Love, and not "the man," is "by gentle hearts soon ta'en"; "Che mi fu tolta" has ten times more feeling in it than "I was made to quit," which suggests an eviction. But this branch of his subject seems to have been lightly treated by Mr. Pike. "Terza-rima," he tells us, "was adopted without consideration, and persevered in partly because it had been begun" (Preface, p. vi.). This is not the spirit in which this complicated task could be adequately fulfilled. One is inclined to wonder, not that the result is faulty, but that, on the whole, it is passable.

Another defect is the occurrence of hypercatalectic lines. Whether such a line as

"Being unburdened of our bodies thus and free" (canto xvii., line 135)

be intentional or merely uncorrected, it is a pure Alexandrine, and very unlike the original

"E, discarcate le nostre persone."

So is line 88 of the same canto (which seems distinctly inferior to its companions),

"So I became on listening to this utterance," which renders

"Tal divenn' io alle parole porte."

Neither ear nor finger will bring these lines into resemblance; the superfluity of the English one is but ill-atoned by the defectiveness of such a verse as this (canto v., line 77):

"To us, do thou entreat them to stay."

In fact, the work suffers from want of revision. It lacks the finishing touches nowhere more necessary than in translation; for want of which we find such a passage as canto x., lines 55-59, where four successive lines rhyme; such a version as (x. 102) "Yes, do give it him," for "Sì, fa che gliele accoacci;" such a line as (iii. 25)

"Horrid dialects, tongues dissimilar;"

such oddities as "gravid" and "eroded" for "pregnant" and "hollowed." And the "lingua che chiami mamma e babbo" seems overmuch vulgarised by being rendered "tongues calling ma and pa!" "Mamma e babbo" is the lisp of children, not the drawling abbreviations of middle-class colloquialism.

But I should be sorry to insinuate that all the work is of this character. The verse, though almost always overweighted with successive long syllables, is at times firm and rhythmic. Here is an example from canto xxvi., where Virgil addresses the flickering spire of flame that encloses the tormented spirits who, upon earth, were Ulysses and Diomedes:—

"O ye that are a pair within one flame,  
If I deserved of you in life gone by,  
If less or more I added to your fame  
When in the world I wrote the verses high,  
Do ye not move till one of you has told  
Where, being lost, he laid him down to die."

This is at least vigorous writing; if it fails to catch the intense pity of the original, it fails only, where every lesser soul has always failed, in weeping tears that burn like Dante's. And all through the translation,

amid contortions and inversions of the thought, under the imperious exigencies of rhyme, Mr. Pike shows a certain faculty of appreciating the grimness of Dante and his abrupt, vivid portraiture. He will not lose, but gain, in this direction by a much closer self-criticism and attention to English and Italian rhythm. After all, he may well retort on his critics, as every translator feels inclined to do, the words of Turner to Mr. Ruskin: "You don't know how difficult it is."

E. D. A. MORSHEAD.

*Journal d'Antoine Galland, pendant son Séjour à Constantinople (1672-73).* Publié et Annoté par Charles Schefer, Membre de l'Institut. En 2 vols. (Paris: Leroux.)

THE period to which this diary belongs was an important one. The Ottoman empire was still at the height of its power. Mahomet IV. was on the throne, and the great Achmet Kiuprili was his Grand Vizier; Candia had just been taken from the Venetians, and Turkish armies were invading Poland. The echoes of Louis XIV.'s victories were heard at Constantinople, and the struggle between France and Austria made itself felt there. In order to negotiate an alliance between France and Turkey, which countries had been estranged from one another owing to the aid which the French had given to Venice in Crete, and to obtain a renewal and extension of the capitulations, M. de Nointel had been despatched from France as ambassador to the Porte; and that diplomatist, with a view to his correspondence in Greek and Latin, appointed as one of his secretaries Antoine Galland, who was then a young man, but afterwards became a distinguished numismatist and Oriental scholar, and continued d'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque orientale* after his death, and first translated the *Arabian Nights* into French. The present work is the journal kept by Galland during two years of that period, and it has been excellently edited and illustrated with learned notes by M. Schefer.

Though we gladly welcome the publication of this work, yet its contents, we must confess, are a little disappointing. The events of the time are only occasionally noticed, and it does not throw much light on the history. Its principal interest consists in the picture which it gives us of the embassies at Constantinople at that period, especially of their visits of ceremony and lavish entertainments, and in personal details relating to the author. We see him here beginning to amass the stores of information about Eastern languages and literature which afterwards made his reputation; and he frequently notices the books—Arabic, Turkish, and Persian—which he either saw or bought. Most of his purchases are now in the National Library at Paris. But, as he was an observant man, and was interested in a great variety of subjects, much curious information may be gleaned from these volumes. Persons who are fond of descriptions of pageants and spectacles will be able to take their fill of them, for the longest entries are devoted to these. His attention was directed to the views of the Eastern Churches on the Real Presence in the Eucharist, in consequence of the con-

troversy with regard to that point which had existed not long before in France between d'Andilly and du Moulin. His Greek scholarship, however, incurs a little suspicion, when, after hearing the Greek Easter hymn, he renders it as *Χριστὸς ἀνέστη ἐκ νεκρῶν, θάρατον παθήσας* (instead of *πατήσας*), and translates the last words as "après avoir souffert la mort." Those who are interested in superstitions will find an account of the body of a woman which was discovered entire after being buried for three years, in consequence of excommunication, this being a frequent concomitant of Eastern vampire stories; and also a description of a certain kind of Indian pottery, which had the virtue of discovering the presence of poison, and, for this reason, was in use at the table of the Sultan's brothers, who lived in continual fear of attempts on their lives. A curious Turkish legend is related about the origin of fleas and lice. According to this, when Noah was on board the ark, a leak was discovered, and this the serpent engaged to stop on condition of being allowed ever after to feed on human blood. The patriarch, being in a strait, agreed to this, and the serpent bunged up the hole with his coils. When they left the ark, and the serpent claimed his privilege, the angel Gabriel suggested that the importunate claimant should be thrown into the fire, and this was accomplished without delay. But he was amply avenged, for his ashes turned to fleas and lice, which have never since ceased to prey upon the human race.

We hear of several of Molière's plays—the *Dépit amoureux*, the *Cocu imaginaire*, and the *Ecole des Maris*—being represented at Constantinople, a theatre having been constructed within the precincts of the embassy for that purpose. Turkish music was not at all to the author's taste. When a Turkish band was sent by the Sultan to perform before the French ambassador, in honour of the renewal of the capitulations, he remarks, "leur harmonie, qui plaist si fort aux Turcs, n'est aucunement du goust des oreilles françoises." The life here described is passed partly at the capital and partly at Adrianople, at which city M. de Nointel on several occasions made a lengthened stay.

H. F. TOZER.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*A Man's Mistake.* By the Author of "St. Olave's." In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

*Friends: a Duet.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Sampson Low.)

*The Priest's Blessing.* By Harriet Jay. (F. V. White & Co.)

*Alice Warner.* By Mrs. John Allen. In 2 vols. (F. V. White & Co.)

*Fickle Fortune.* By E. Werner. From the German, by Christina Tyrrell. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

*Stronbuy; or, Hanks of Highland Yarn.* (Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.)

*A Man's Mistake* is a carefully executed study of provincial life in the well-known style of the author of *St. Olave's*, and that is about all that need be said about it. Mr.

Aubury, of Castle Florey, asks Mrs. Maria Plummersleigh to become his sister's companion. She understands his offer to be one of marriage, and accepts it, and, as he has not the heart to "disillusionise" her, the marriage takes place. Mrs. Aubury is an adventures—a female Uriah Heep—with a low-life history which she conceals from her husband. To prevent this from being discovered, she comes in between her sister-in-law and her Scotch lover, Keith Moriston. How she succeeds at first, but fails ultimately, and dies in Venice of fever and of being found out, and how sister and brother happily marry, these three volumes gradually unfold. The interest of the story depends much less on the plot than on the character-painting, which is admirably done. Keith Moriston is rather a shadowy lover, and is certainly a shadowy Scotchman; but Mr. Aubury with his want of "go," the clergyman who is always pointing out that deficiency, Mrs. Polemont the bustling doctor's wife, and Mrs. Aubury in her chrysalis or Plummersleigh stage are true provincial types. This photograph of Mrs. Plummersleigh is a good specimen of the book and of the author:—

"Mrs. Plummersleigh never looked so well as when her eyelids were dropped. They were large and round and finely chiselled, and, veiling the somewhat unmeaning hazel eyes, gave an expression of peace to her whole face. Not at all the expression that the women of the district Number Three saw, when their tract distributor was bent upon convincing them that frizzled bacon at fivepence a pound was an extravagance not permitted to their station in life, or that lentils and split peas, neither more nor less than lentils and split peas, ought to be their portion six days out of the seven, instead of the fried scraps and short-cakes with which they endeavoured to enliven the tedium of existence on five-and-sixpence a-week."

It is worth pointing out in connexion with the work of so careful an artist that it is a mistake to throw together in the same story real names like "Polemont" and "Moriston" with "fancy" ones such as "Mr. Burstborough" and "Miss Alvisa Clerchard." The latter—character, no less than name—has an uncomfortably *Pilgrim's Progress* look.

It may be doubted if any but cultured and leisured Americans of the middle class—"the crown and flower of New England Puritanism"—will be able thoroughly to appreciate the latest story of the author of *The Gates Ajar*. Such only have time and inclination to become *connoisseurs* in the softer emotions, to analyse their feelings, to serve them up—to their own self-consciousness—in various guises with the gusto of *chef Mirobolant*, as do Charles Nordhall and Widow Strong in *Friends*. Nordhall confesses to thirty-seven at one stage of the novel, and perhaps is fifty-five before the close. He is understood to be a man of the world; and Miss Phelps evidently wishes her female readers to fall in love with him as being "the strong man," the young Lochinvar who is sure to come out of the west and upset the calculations of match-makers. Yet this conquering hero, probably fresh from the Stock Exchange, hears his "soul cry within him," "would have throttled the instinct as if it had been a flesh-and-blood

antagonist," and conceives his widow "friend" as "being made of 'rose-red clay.' She was dipped and saturated through and through in that divine and eternally fast colour long before she was moulded into this or that form or fitness to this or that niche of life." As for Widow Strong, men are asked to fall in love with her too, and certainly she has a winning way with drunkards. But her John, although he was a very respectable man, and was killed in a railway accident, ultimately becomes almost as much of a bore as Amelie Osborne's portrait of George. Besides, it is evident from the first that John's memory has literally only the ghost of a chance against the living presence of fidgety, instinct-throttling Charles. Nordhall conquers in the end; and it is to be hoped that he and his widow succeeded in living up to their rose-red clay, and, in "the immense *ennui*" of their leisure, did not throttle each other, but only each other's instincts.

Miss Jay's new, short, and powerful story is somewhat spoiled by the fact that it has a purpose. In a dedication to the Chief Secretary for Ireland—the eulogistic character of which recalls Milton's sonnet on Cromwell, a still more celebrated "pacifier" of that country, and "the cloud not of war only but detractions rude," through which he proceeded on his "glorious way" to "peace and truth"—we are told that *The Priest's Blessing* is "a little study of the Irish question, from one who loves Ireland and the Irish peasant, but would warn both against false prophets and teachers, Nationalists and time-serving misleaders." Looked at from the "study" point of view, the story means that the shooting of landlords and agents in Ireland is really the work of priests. Even in fiction there have not appeared of late two such villains as Father Flannigan, the curate of Patricks-town, a drunken, hypocritical scamp, who, when in his cups, beats the members of his flock, and, when sober, regains his popularity by working on their superstitions; and Father Malloy, with his deeper and darker designs, and his resolute purpose of "expelling the Sassenachs from the soil" one by one. Poor Patrick O'Connor, whose pilgrimage from the cradle to the gallows—blessed at both ends by the priest—is the one powerfully drawn character in the book that will survive when "study" and "purpose" are forgotten. He is one of the beings to be found only in Ireland and in Miss Jay's novels, whose lives are sodden misery long drawn out; who are a curse to those whom they would bless, and die martyrs by mistake. Most of the other characters, especially Mr. O'Brien, the fated Protestant landlord, are merely old Irish lay-figures. There is, indeed, individuality in the courageous Scotch agent, Sandy McCollip, but his "national dialect" is a compound of bad English and worse Irish. With his hatred of the people among whom his lines were cast, he would never, on being fired at, and when his dialect would have returned to him, even if he had lost it, have exclaimed, "You murdering scoundrel, you blithering, brutal thief o' the world!" It is just as probable that David Hume—Scotch "canniness" writ

large—uttered in his sleep, *Je tiens J. J. Rousseau.*

*Alice Warner* is a very unpleasant collection of people with vulgar minds, motives, and speech, of whom by no means the worst is a virago named Susan Hogg, who thus describes one stage of her career, "I've reformed now, bless yer; I've taken to chapel and tea meetin's, and I quite knows the good it's done me, specially the tea." A lady murders her husband, who is a detestable creature, and marries another man, who seems to have no mind of his own, and, besides, has given what his flatterers call his heart to the young woman from whom the story takes its name. This complication leads to a great deal of gossiping and intriguing, and the effect of the whole is not relieved by dubious English like "It was easy to distinguish by the cut of his clothes he belonged to the clerical party;" or such elegances of feeling and language as these, which are put into the mouth of a vicar's daughter:—

"I don't see she is to blame. I dare say he asked her to kiss him. If it had been me, I know I shouldn't have refused; nor you either, Miss Warsp. We can fully understand her feeling annoyed—can't we, papa? It must have been awful to see them kissing and not get one yourself. Never mind! Your turn next."

*Fickle Fortune* is one of those stories which disarm criticism by their sheer simplicity of motive, of style, of everything, and by the strength which comes of such simplicity. It tells how the early "indiscretion" of a German lady, with the traditional amount of pride and blood, is punished, after years of successful concealment, by the ruin and death of her son, who has the traditional amount of spirit. The character of Oswald von Ettersberg, who is kept out of his inheritance by this intrigue, his struggle with, and final conquest over, the weaker and less generous elements of his nature, are sketched with genuine power. *Fickle Fortune* might well have been a "Penny Dreadfullish" novel; that it is not proves the author's capacity.

Whether the author of *Stronbuy*—which, let it be said at once, is a decided advance on its predecessor, *Tobersnorey*—be a new writer or a veteran who is trying a new vein, he has most emphatically "struck ile." There has been nothing in Scotland like the breezy fun and rapid character-sketching in it since Prof. Aytoun's time, although the author of *Fair to See* might be equal to it if he tried. There is no plot to speak of. Gunter and O'Halloran, two Government clerks, go to Stronbuy, in the West Highlands, during the shooting season, and while its proprietor, a friend of theirs, is on the Continent. A thin thread of love-making runs through the book, and the last page is filled with match-making. But this is of no account; and, indeed, the one weakness in *Stronbuy* is the want of one of those charming Highland girls whom Mr. Black has discovered. Otherwise, the book is an admirable gallery of Highland portraits—that is to say, portraits not only of people born in the Highlands, but to be met with there in holiday time. Among them is Dr. McAudle, the tolerant, ruddy-nosed,

whist-playing parish minister, with his three stocks of sermons—his grandfather's, his father's, and his own; the mild Bishop Grocote, much vexed by Ritualism, who holds a "mission service" in a Highland parish, and is told by its sporting minister that he is "a poacher" and "a low, beggarly Dissenter;" Publius Park, speculator, teetotaller, lecturer on "idyllic art," and general humbug; Purden, the Radical; and, above all, Sandy, "the man" or missionary, with his shrewd eye to the main chance, who, "though he took the pledge in Drumle, did not take it in the *Clansman* nor in no other place," and whose doctrine is "I do not like the preaching about temperance; it's shust mere morality—mere cold morality—cleansing the outside of the cup and of the platter—it's no the Gospel at all." Amid such "characters," and with his gift of humour, there was an obvious danger that the author of *Stronbuy* might allow it to run into irreverence or sheer buffoonery. There is here nothing, however, to offend any but the hopelessly wooden; and only in one scene, where Bob Taylor, the hero and wag of the book, plays a practical joke upon the Presbytery of Tobersnorey by pretending to be a friar, can it be said that the fun degenerates into riot. When the writer of *Stronbuy* ventures on more ambitious work, his powers, if he continues to keep them well in rein, should stand him in good stead. He ought, however, to get hold of an artist who will not, like the illustrator of *Stronbuy*, interpret his light comedy as broad farce.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

#### CURRENT THEOLOGY.

*Historical Writings of St. Athanasius.* According to the Benedictine Text. With an Introduction by William Bright, D.D. (Clarendon Press.) The Introduction is about ninety pages long, and is extremely interesting. In the first place, Prof. Bright has to reconstruct the history of the period from the documents in the *Apologia*, where they are not arranged in chronological order, and then to analyse all the other documents in the volume. Of course the work is not done for the first time, but the historical treatises would be unintelligible without it, and, if we may be permitted to say so, it is really admirably done. On two points Prof. Bright departs to some extent from the ordinary ecclesiastical tradition: he is disposed to think that his hero judged the Meletians over-harshly, having taken up the exaggerated stories against them that were current in his youth among the orthodox; he also inclines to the opinion that his hero was unduly suspicious of Constantius in 346, and unduly deferential in 356, when he composed an *Apology* addressed to that Emperor. He thinks that the second fact may in some measure be explained by the first; the explanation, such as it is, rather heightens the shock of the contrast between the tone of the "Apology" and the "Arian History." Perhaps a simpler explanation would be that in personal intercourse Constantius was really conciliatory, which is borne out by the way in which St. Hilary complains of his cajolery. It is true that his authorised agents might at the time be acting very harshly, but the very qualities which made Constantius glad to let them take their way made him reluctant to be harsh in his own person; he was

too feeble to court collision or to tolerate opposition. Two other points may be mentioned on which Prof. Bright does much to make a half-avowed impression articulate and general. One is the pervading atmosphere of calumny and lying in which St. Athanasius lived, which the Arians did not create, though they profited by it; the other, and perhaps the more important, is the marked difference between the way in which he presents the Godhead of the Son and the way in which that doctrine is presented in the Creed which bears his name. It might almost be said that he spent his manhood in minimising the meaning of the formula which he had imposed in his youth.

*Life of Christ.* S. Bonaventure. Translated and Edited by the Rev. W. H. Hutchings, Sub-Warden of the House of Mercy, Clewer. (Rivingtons.) Little can be said of such a work in these columns. The author goes fully through the Infancy and the Passion and all that follows it, touching only on a few points of what lies between. There is no continuous narrative, but a series of meditations which the author expects to occupy a week; this shows that the practice of meditation was in its infancy. Very much of his material, perhaps the most valuable part of it, is taken from St. Bernard; his own contributions to the period before the Passion consist partly of an endeavour to realise the narrative in detail, partly of an endeavour to represent the Holy Family as patterns of Franciscan poverty. In the latter part of his work he is more independent. Before the thirteenth century there are not many traces in Christian literature of the West of detailed lingering contemplation of the sufferings of the Lord. The translator tells us that he has restored a protest against embroidery, and a treatise of the Active and Contemplative Life (introduced in connexion with *Martha and Mary*), which had disappeared from most English translations. The latter is exceedingly well worth reading; the Contemplative life is the highest, but it lies between two stages of the Active life. The first stage of the Active life is the formation of character; the second, is the exercise of influence in the service of others; and both suppose society, while Contemplation is perfected in solitude. The discussion of the hindrances to Contemplation is remarkable, because it shows no trace of the inward agonies of "dryness" and "desolation" which from the days of Tauler and Suso have afflicted all mystics.

*The Essence of Christianity.* By Ludwig Feuerbach. Translated from the Second German Edition by Marian Evans. Second Edition. (Trübner.) This handsome volume, we learn from the publishers' note, is an exact reprint of the first edition issued twenty-seven years ago. Perhaps the reprint is too exact; the errors of the press, which in Latin quotations are sometimes puzzling, are reproduced too. But the reprint is valuable all the same. Feuerbach was one of the very few controversialists who went straight to the permanent essence of their subject—one of the very few assailants of Christianity of whom it could not be said, *Blasphemant quod ignorant.*

*What is the Truth as to Everlasting Punishment?* By Rev. F. N. Oxenham. (Rivingtons.) The first part of this book is a reply to Dr. Pusey's "arguments" in his work *What is of Faith?* The second part is to be published hereafter, and will deal with Dr. Pusey's "facts." In the meantime, Mr. Oxenham reprints, in an Appendix, the substance of his letter to Mr. Gladstone called forth by Dr. Pusey's sermon on the subject. In the first part it is proved beyond doubt that Dr. Pusey sacrifices everything else in traditional eschatology to save the one thesis that the lost are lost for ever. In the Appendix it is shown to be very doubtful whether the

condemnation of Origenism by the "Home Synod" under Justinian amounts to a condemnation of universalism.

*A Popular Commentary on the New Testament.* Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D. Vol. II. St. John and the Acts. (T. and T. Clark.) There is hardly room for this Commentary by the side of Bishop Ellicott's, which is almost exactly the same in plan and in its "popular" character—i.e., adaptation to people who know no Greek. In the execution, however, there is a good deal of difference between the two. Bishop Ellicott's writers are, as a rule, scholarly and elegant, if not profound; Dr. Schaff's are sometimes more solid and thorough in their work, but it is executed clumsily. In this volume, the commentary on St. John is by Drs. Milligan and Moulton; that on the Acts, by Dean Howson and Canon Spence. The notes on the former are good; on the latter, rather poor. The corrections of the Authorised Version (which, when the Revised Version was to be expected so soon, were hardly worth making) consist quite as often in turning good English into bad as in giving an English equivalent for the original Greek.

*The Old Testament; with a Brief Commentary by Various Authors.* The Apocryphal Books. (S.P.C.K.) This, like the previous volumes of this Commentary, is of very unequal merit. The two books of Esdras and the interpolations in Esther are handled by Mr. E. P. Eddrups; and this portion of the work is exactly what a Commentary ought to be. The character of each of the works in question is clearly indicated, the composite nature of the so-called "Second Book of Esdras" duly pointed out, and the passage missing in the Authorised Version supplied. In short, the reader is, as far as space allows, told everything about the book that he needs to know. But none of the other books are satisfactorily treated. Ecclesiasticus, by Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, and the Maccabees, by Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, are the best. The notes on these are very good as far as they go, but they are wretchedly scanty. Why could not space for some more of the much-needed information on these books have been saved, at the expense of shortening Mr. Fuller's gushing about the *Benedicite*, and Canon Churton's tiresome mysticism about the "apocryphal" element in Tobit?

*A Year's Meditations*, by Mrs. Augustus Craven (C. Kegan Paul and Co.), has the merits and faults that those who know the authoress will be prepared for. On the one hand,

"I said just now that no woman was altogether condemned by the Gospel narrative. I had forgotten [Herodias] and her wretched daughter, who, possibly, was but vain and light of conduct. God knows what cruelty may lurk in a heart quite given over to vanity."

On the other, "Let us imagine, and this is the permitted and true field of a Christian's imagination, the boyhood," of which St. Luke was too good an artist to say more than three words. But there is far more of the former sort than the latter.

*Rabbi Jeshua: an Eastern Story* (C. Kegan Paul and Co.), is a very clever attempt at a rationalistic Life of Christ, in a form that shall be as little offensive as possible to Christian feeling. Unfortunately, the author's learning is not proportioned to his cleverness. He is well read on all the subjects he requires to know, but his knowledge is second-hand; and, in consequence, often either inadequate or inaccurate. For instance, it is a tenable opinion that the authentic life of "Rabbi Jeshua" is to be learnt exclusively from the synoptic tradition, and that that tradition is to be found in its oldest form in the second canonical Gospel. But it is more certain, that the common

element of the synoptic Gospels is far more important than the distinctive peculiarities of each. When we are told that "one chronicle is often attributed to Rabbi Saul, pupil of Gamaliel, and a native of Asia Minor; a second breathes the spirit of the narrow Pharisaic sect of Shammai," and the most trustworthy "was written by the companion of one of his first disciples, Simeon has Saddik" (why not "hac Ceipha" ?), we cannot but feel that either too much or too little weight is given both to early ecclesiastical tradition and to the cruder forms of modern criticism. When we read that "apocryphal [sic] accounts of Rabbi Jeshua's life" were "written in the Middle Ages," we see that the writer had better have learnt more before he began to teach. And it was really gross carelessness to say that "one at least [of the disciples] seems to have belonged to the ancient and aboriginal population of the Canaanites, and one to the fierce and uncompromising party of the Zealots." More important is the error of attempting to identify the opinions of Rabbi Jeshua (whatever may be said about "Hanan") with those of the Hasaya. "Rabbi Simeon" does, like the other chroniclers, "confine his hermit life to forty days." And it is not only contrary to all our evidence to suppose that "Rabbi Jeshua" depreciated marriage, with the Hasaya, or woman, with the Rabbis generally; it is in effect contradicted by the writer himself, when he duly points out not only his teaching on the subject of divorce, but the grounds on which he rested it.

*Letters to the Clergy*, by John Ruskin, with Replies from Clergy and Laity (Strahan), can only escape being called a discreditable piece of book-making on the ground of the sincere enthusiasm of Mr. Malleon, the editor, who, and not Mr. Ruskin, is responsible for the publication. It was not very wise of Mr. Ruskin, being so ignorant of the clerical feeling of the day, to write a series of letters to be read at a series of clerical meetings; but it is far more surprising that any of the clergy should take them *au sérieux*. Mr. Ruskin's letters, though in very large print, fill only forty-five of the 370 pages of the volume.

*Mélanges de Critique religieuse*, par Maurice Vernes (Paris: G. Fischbacher), are mostly reprints of magazine articles published in more than one Review during the last six or eight years. The essays grouped under the head of "Etudes hébraïques" are fair summaries, and to some extent criticisms, of the views now thought of most authority on Old Testament history. There is, as is usual with critics of that school, an exaggerated notion of the horror the orthodox will feel at a modification of the Ussherian and similar systems of chronology. There is more depth of thought, though perhaps less that is definite or satisfying, in the criticisms on Hartmann and Matthew Arnold; and the concluding essays on "La Critique religieuse dans l'Enseignement public" are a failure, passing *sicco pede* through difficulties, and leaping over objections.

*Individualism: its Growth and Tendencies; with Some Suggestions as to the Remedy for its Evils.* By the Right Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, Bishop of Long Island. (Deighton, Bell and Co.; Whittaker.) The Bishop of Long Island has published his sermons preached before the University of Cambridge last November. When once the preacher's thoughts are grasped, in spite of his cumbrousness of expression, their readers will find them, as their hearers did, decidedly dull, but thoughtful and sensible in their estimate of the tendencies of modern thought and society.

*The Manifold Witness for Christ*: being the Boyle Lectures for 1877 and 1878. By Canon Barry. (Murray.) The second and third series

of Canon Barry's Boyle Lectures have been, he tells us, rewritten since their delivery, and in their published form are certainly far above the ordinary level of apologetic theology. The two series form one work, not only with each other, but with the one that preceded them. Each is, however, tolerably complete in itself, the arguments being (as the title suggests) regarded as independent and mutually corroborative, not one implying the other. The first part of this volume is called "Christianity and Natural Theology;" the second, "The Positive Evidences of Christianity." The second is the stronger of the two. In the first, the main argument is this: that the conception of a covenant between God and man is characteristic of the whole Judæo-Christian revelation; and that this conception, while wanting in other religions, corresponds exactly to the two postulates of "Natural Religion"—the existence of the living God, and the spirituality of man. Further, the conception of Redemption—a divine interposition for the removal of evil, evil being neither ignored nor eternalised—is similarly adapted to the attitude which "Natural Religion" teaches the conscience to adopt in presence of the mystery of sin. Now this main argument is, on the whole, fairly and strongly stated; but there is too much tendency to acquiesce in conventional Christian ideas. For instance, there is the usual "Evangelical" assumption that the primitive conception of sacrifice was that embodied in the Biblical "sin-offering," instead of that of the "peace-offering." And though the author was justified in declining to go into critical arguments as to the date of the various books of the Old Testament, he ought not to have assumed, without discussion, that "the Messianic idea" has its first appearance and gradual development marked by the successive revelations of the Law, the Psalms, the (canonical) Books of Wisdom, and the Prophets. In part ii. the main thesis is, that the old-fashioned "arguments from prophecy and from miracles" are so far valid, that nothing else can account for the fact that the Gospel was believed when first preached; but that to us these are subordinate to the great argument from the continuous efficacy of the Gospel "as an intellectual system, as a moral force, and as a spiritual life." Here the candour is especially notable with which the argument is stated (it is a question how far it is successfully met) that Christianity has, as matter of history, failed to produce in the world the moral improvement it aims at, and has in some few respects been a source even of positive moral evil. Then, it is said, if the moral and spiritual power of the Gospel be, as a matter of experience, such as to establish the authority of its founder and subject, we must admit his claim, not only to our reverent attention, but to our absolute "faith." His claims to our allegiance are so absolute that, if the righteousness of his doctrine be admitted at all, his authority cannot be regarded as less than divine.

*BAPNABA ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗ.* *The Epistle of Barnabas from the Sinaitic Manuscript of the Bible; with a Translation.* By Samuel Sharpe. (Williams and Norgate.) Mr. Sharpe (whose death we have had to record since this notice was put into type) has rendered a useful service in giving us, in a convenient form, the Sinaitic text of the Epistle of Barnabas, accompanied by an English translation. Contrary to the general opinion, and, as it seems to us, the internal evidence, which is very imperfectly discussed in the Introduction, Mr. Sharpe maintains the authenticity of the work, and seeks to fix its date to the year of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. In the translation we have noticed a few slips, two of which occur almost in the first line—the first after the salutation—where *μεράλων* is rendered "many,"

and ὅντας "have been." Nor does the translator seem very successful in dealing with the one or two real difficulties presented by the text. The *locus rexatus, or desperatus* (chap. iv.) —ἀφ' ἐν ἔχοντες μὴ ἀλλεπειν γράφειν ἐποίησαν διδοῦσιν ὑπὸ προτέχοντες ἐν ταῖς ἔχοντας ἡμερᾶς— he renders, "I hastened to write from [places] which we purpose not to leave. Therefore we notice your defilement in the last days," illustrating this sense of ἀφ' ἐν by the Hebrew וְהַיְנָה מִן, from where, and conveniently enough finding here a hint of persecutions from which Barnabas was in hiding. No doubt Mr. Sharpe is right in putting the full stop after ἐποίησαν; but, thus pointed, the sentence is obviously a mere variation of another in the first chapter, where we have the very same word ἐποίησαν, and the similar phrase, ἀφ' ὃν ἀλαβον. It is surely riding away on a crocheted to refuse the obvious correction of σώζεσθε for σώζεσθαι in the valedictory clause.

*The Englishman's Bible; combining in one the Englishman's Hebrew Bible and the English-Greek Testament, &c.* By Thomas Newberry. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.) We have already borne witness (ACADEMY, vol. xvii., p. 435) to the "great industry and care" shown in Mr. Newberry's "English-Greek Testament," while at the same time expressing serious doubts as to the value of his method. In the "Englishman's Hebrew Bible," which is now before us bound up with the "English-Greek Testament," the same method—that of indicating the niceties of the Hebrew grammar by a system of signs prefixed wherever required—is pursued, and the same industry and care are displayed. If the reader will not find every error of the Authorised Version corrected, there is no doubt that he may, notwithstanding, by the careful use of this work, be brought into closer contact with the Hebrew original than he could be by any mere translation. As the author points out, it is a sufficiently characteristic feature of the work that it distinguishes accurately the different divine titles. Jehovah, for example, is rendered "God" no less than 800 times in the English version; but in these cases, as well as where the word is translated "the Lord," as it generally is, it will at once be recognised by the letter J. prefixed to it. And so with the other names. The writer ought to be aware that by the best Hebrew scholars the plural Elohim is not believed to have any reference to the Trinity.

*The Prophecies of Isaiah translated from the Hebrew.* By J. M. Rodwell, M.A. (F. Norgate.) A companion to the well-known translation of Job by the same author. There was, perhaps, less need for a new version of Isaiah than for one of Job; nor can we observe anything very distinctive in the present translation. However, it may serve to wean some students from the very unsatisfactory Authorised Version of this prophet. In xlii. 24 and liii. 9, it ought to have been stated that the translator adopts textual emendations.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. E. A. FREEMAN starts for America on September 27, and will deliver his first lecture in Boston on October 17. Meanwhile, he is engaged in passing through the press a companion volume to his *Historical and Architectural Sketches, chiefly Italian*. This is the result of his recent visit to the head of the Adriatic, and will be entitled *Sketches from the Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice*. We believe that the illustrations will be found more satisfactory than those in the former volume. Mr. Freeman has also nearly ready his work upon the reign of William Rufus.

The journals and letters of the late Caroline Fox, of Penjerrick, will shortly be published by

Smith, Elder and Co. They will be found a deeply interesting record of the opinions and conversations of almost all the notable men and women of letters and science of her time, among whom Caroline Fox enjoyed the friendship of Carlyle, Sterling, Mill, Owen, Buckland, Bunsen, Mrs. Schimmel Penninck, Wordsworth, and others. A fine etched portrait of the authoress by Mr. H. Herkomer will add to the attractions of the book, which has been edited by Mr. Horace N. Fym.

MESSRS. ALLEN AND CO. are about to publish a *Military History of the Madras Engineers and Sappers*, compiled by Major H. M. Vibart, Royal (late Madras) Engineers. These corps were raised last century by the East India Company. As the power of the Company increased, they were enlarged from time to time. Up to 1740, the Company being mere traders, it was of course unnecessary to call in the assistance of the Engineers. Shortly after that time, however, it became imperative to obtain Engineers to enable the Company to hold its own in contests with the French and the native powers. Up to 1770, the Company found it sufficient to obtain Engineers from any sources which were at the time most convenient; but in that year the corps was first established on a military basis, with an officer of Royal Engineers as commandant. After the Mutiny, the power of the Company merged in the Crown, and since then the Madras Engineers have become a part of the distinguished corps of Royal Engineers. Though the officers of the Indian Engineers are still retained in separate lists, their complete absorption is merely a matter of time. It seems, then, appropriate that before this occurs a record of their services should be drawn up.

A NEW novel by Mr. John Mills, the author of *The Old English Gentleman*, &c., entitled *Too Fast to Last*, will shortly be published, in three volumes, by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

In the course of the ensuing autumn Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd proposes to issue by subscription a second series of poems by Ebenezer Jones, whose *Studies of Sensation and Event* he republished in the summer of 1879. The new volume will contain several important unpublished and inedited pieces, printed for the first time from the author's MS., or resuscitated from the pages of extinct and long-forgotten miscellanies. Among these, the most important are "Passion's Apology," "The Pair of Finches," "Adieu, Bright Maids of Classic Theme," "Going to the Workhouse," "The Betrothed Maiden to her Warrior Lover," and a considerable number of short songs and lyrics. The editor will prefix an essay on the genius of Ebenezer Jones and his place among the poets of the nineteenth century. The edition will be strictly limited to one hundred numbered copies; and anyone desirous of subscribing should communicate at once, by post, with Mr. R. H. Shepherd, 5 Bremerton Street, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.

THE same editor has also in hand an edition, in two handsome volumes, of *The Dramatic and Poetical Writings of Charles Dickens*, never before collected, prefaced by a monograph on Charles Dickens as dramatist and as an actor. The dramatic pieces are five in number. Of these, three, "The Strange Gentleman," "The Village Coquettes," "Is She his Wife? or Something Singular," were produced with considerable success in 1836-37 at the St. James's Theatre, under Braham's management. The third of these pieces was apparently unknown to Mr. Forster, who makes no mention of it in his *Life of Dickens*. The fourth piece, entitled "The Lamplighter," was written in 1833 for Macready's theatre, but was never acted or printed at the time, and is preserved in MS. in

the Forster Collection at South Kensington. The fifth is "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," written conjointly by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, and acted by the Guild of Literature and Art. The poetical pieces, with which the second volume closes, include the Prologue to Mr. Westland Marston's play of "The Patriotic's Daughter," "The Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourers," "A Word in Season," and a number of squibs contributed to the *Examiner*.

IN addition to those we mentioned last week, Dr. Reinhold Rost, the learned and courteous librarian of the India Office, will attend the Oriental Congress at Berlin as a delegate of the Secretary of State for India, with Prof. Monier Williams as his colleague. Dr. Rost was present in the same capacity at the Congress of Florence in 1878. We also hear that Pandit Shyāmaji Krishnārāma, of Balliol College, Oxford, whose name we confused with Vishnūrāma, the author of the well-known *Pancharāta Fables*, has been specially selected by the Secretary of State to represent the learning of the Bombay Presidency at the Congress. With the express approval of Dr. Weber and Prof. Monier Williams, the Pandit will read a paper in the Indian section on "The Importance of Sanskrit as a Living Language in India."

MESSRS. TRÜBNER AND CO. have now ready the third volume of the late Mr. M. A. Sherring's great work on *Hindu Tribes and Castes*, of which the second volume was noticed in the ACADEMY of August 7, 1880. Besides a general Index to the whole work, this volume contains three dissertations on the natural history of caste, on the unity of the Hindu race, and on the prospects of Indian caste.

MR. BAILEY WALKER is engaged upon a one-volume novel, *The "Lawson" Arms.* Something of "Inn" lore will be woven into the story; and the "development" theory, the writer thinks, may be properly applied to this much-abused, yet still popular, English institution.

THE scheme for a University College at Liverpool, to which we have before referred, has advanced one stage farther. A petition having been presented to the Privy Council, signed by (among others) the Earl of Derby, Mr. Rathbone, M.P., Mr. Robert Gladstone, and Sir J. A. Picton, praying for the grant of a charter of incorporation, a charter has been granted in accordance with the suggested draft; and the council have already purchased a site for the necessary buildings.

THE publication of *The Sacristy* has passed from the hands of Mr. Hodge to those of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., but no alteration will be made in the editorial arrangements.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS will contribute to the next issue of the *Antiquary* a biographical sketch of Henry Andrews, for many years the well-known compiler of *Old Moore's Almanac*.

SOME time ago Mr. Thomas B. Trowdsdale published in the columns of the *Lincoln Gazette* a series of carefully prepared papers under the title of "Gleanings of Lincolnshire Lore." He also edited in the same journal "Local Notes and Queries," and it is now his intention to issue the whole in a volume. It will make a valuable addition to local literature.

THE ZETICAL SOCIETY, which was founded in 1878 to furnish opportunities for the unrestricted discussion of various questions, proposes to inaugurate its fourth session in October next with the opening of a Philosophical section. It is suggested that, in addition to the ordinary meetings of the society, a meeting should be held once a month for the purpose of considering questions of metaphysics, logic, psychology, political economy, jurisprudence, and ethics,

Those interested in the proposal, whether men or women, are requested to communicate with the hon. secretary, Mr. J. M. Fells, 68 Melbourne Terrace, Barnwell Road, Brixton.

MR. H. C. APPLEBY, Librarian of the Hull Literary Club, is about to reproduce in several country journals his story now appearing in the pages of the *Masonic Magazine* under the title of "After All."

It appears that Prof. Virchow's presence in London at the Medical Congress is only the first of a round of similar visits to which he is pledged. He is due immediately at the Congress of Anthropologists to be held at Ratisbon. Thence he will proceed to Salzburg for another scientific congress, and from Salzburg to Tiflis. In the winter he hopes to accompany Dr. Schliemann to the Troad for a second time, with the special object of conducting excavations on the slopes of Mount Ida.

Grimm's *Deutsches Wörterbuch* goes on slowly. The last fasciculus, which has just reached us, ends with "Geist;" but the article itself does not seem finished, though it occupies not less than 105 closely printed columns.

THE statistics of the Prussian universities (Berlin, Bonn, Breslau, Göttingen, Greifswald, Halle, Königsberg, the Academy of Münster, Marburg, and Kiel) for the two last semesters—winter 1880-81 and summer 1881—show a remarkable movement in the direction of theological study. While the philosophical faculty has only increased the number of its students by 6.2 per cent., the legal faculty by 6 per cent., and the medical faculty by 16.4 per cent., the faculty of Evangelical theology has increased 21 per cent. The comparative decline of legal students has been noticed each successive year. In 1875 the "Juristen" claimed 27 per cent. of the whole number of students; in the summer session of 1881 they have fallen to 21 per cent.

M. CARNOT, the grandson of the famous "organiser of victory," and himself a French Minister, has been elected a member of the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, in the place of the late M. Drouyn de Lhuys.

*John Ploughman's Pictures*, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, has been translated into German, and will shortly be issued at Berlin.

THERE has just been published at Lisbon a translation in prose of the first canto of Byron's *Childe Harold*, by Dr. Alberto Telles.

WE learn from the *Rassegna Settimanale* that a new literary Review is to be published in Rome, under the editorship of Signor Buggero Bonghi, the well-known former Minister of Education in the Cabinet of the Right. Its title is *La Cultura: Rivista di Scienze morali, de Lettere ed Arti*. It will appear every fortnight, and will be divided into three parts—the first consisting of reviews of books, the second of shorter notices, and the third of notes of matters affecting culture in general, and especially public instruction.

ACCORDING to a German authority, the book which has obtained the greatest number of readers in modern times is *Notre-Dame de Lourdes*, by M. Lasserre, which is now in its 150th edition.

MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY's *History of Our Own Times* has been translated into French by M. Leopold Goirand, and will shortly be published by the firm of Germer Baillière.

THE Thurgauische Historische Verein held its annual meeting at Hütweilen on July 21. Dean Kuhn gave a short history of the nunnery of Kalchvain, near Hütweilen, founded by Conrad IV., Bishop of Freising, in 1325, and dissolved in 1848. The nuns belonged to the Cistercian Order. Pfarrer Kurz described the fate of the archives of Schloss Heidern; and

Pfarrer Schaltegger, of Hütweilen, explained at length the Roman antiquities of his parish, and also read a monograph on a local celebrity, Konrad Haag, the so-called "peasant philosopher." The President of the society complained that the Thurgau dialects are too sparsely represented in the Swiss *Idiotikon*—so far as one can judge from the first part. These dialects, he explained, are singularly rich in proverbs, witty turns of speech, and peculiar word-formations; and he blamed the schoolmasters of Thurgau for not having sufficiently replied to the invitation to give their help to the perfection of this great national work. The society pledged itself to take the matter in hand, and do its utmost to secure a fuller representation of the old *gau* of the Thur in the succeeding portions of the *Idiotikon*. The proceedings concluded with a report on the present condition of various monuments, glass-paintings, frescoes, and other works of art and antiquities in the canton of Thurgau.

MR. GROWSE, of the Bengal Civil Service, has just issued the fourth and last volume of his translation of the *Ramayana* of Tulsi Dás, containing the seventh book. At the same time he announces that a second edition of vol. ii. has been called for; and that his long-promised illustrated edition of this popular Hindi poem will shortly be taken in hand. He has sent to the London Autotype Company for reproduction a set of twelve negatives liberally presented to him by the Mahánta of Benares from the splendidly illuminated MS. in his possession, together with four views of Cbitrakút, specially taken by a photographer at Banda. The second volume of Mr. Growse's translation was noticed in the ACADEMY of December 18, 1880.

WE have received from Messrs. Trübner and Co. the second volume of *The American Catalogue of Books in Print and for Sale, including Reprints and Importations*, compiled by Mr. Lynde E. Jones under the direction of Mr. F. Leopold. This Catalogue consists of a list of all books in print and for sale in America on July 1876, together with an Appendix of most of those issued since that date by American publishers. The first volume was arranged according to authors and titles; the present volume is arranged according to subjects, and is thus a sort of topical index to the other, though it is capable of being used independently. It also contains a list of bibliographic aids, compiled by Mr. Leopold himself, with a view to enabling the student to pursue his researches beyond the limits of the Catalogue. In this Mr. Leopold has made large use of Mr. Porter's *Hand-list of Bibliographies in the British Museum Reading Room*, and of Mr. Cutler's *Bibliography*, published in the *Library Journal*. The complete work, which is published at the price of five guineas, forms a unique and invaluable guide to the current literature in the American market. The printing and general appearance of the book are very creditable to the New York firm of Messrs. A. C. Armstrong and Son.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON at the Antipodes can hardly match in quiet beauty its original in sweet Warwickshire. Here is a sketch from a Shakspere editor two miles from Stratford in Gippsland, Victoria:—

"The country generally may be called flat, and its monotony is only relieved by a view of the distant Australian Alps, among which I spent some time when I was first out here. The river, though called the Avon, can scarcely be said to rival Shakspere's stream. It has eaten a broad channel for itself through banks of clay, sand, and gravel, and flows devious through broad stretches of sand and dead trees that it has washed down. On a windy day—and there appears to be a good deal of wind here—its channel is marked, not by verdure, but by clouds of dust, a topsy-turvy arrangement

which seems peculiarly Antipodean. One feature of the country is the countless thousands of dead trees standing gray and ghastly in the sunshine. The effect is peculiar, though sometimes, when lighted up with the rays of the setting sun, not un-picturesque—something like a forest of white coral branches glorified with the rosy light. The trees' decease is, however, good for the grass; and, as bullocks are the main subject of interest here, of course it would be absurd to lament the trees' bareness. I can't help, however, recollecting that I am not a bullock, and that, if I am to bury myself in the bush, I should like it at least to be a green bush; and it must take some years to bring this place into that condition. . . . My life at present is one of profound idleness, but I believe I am laying in a stock of health which should last me for the remainder of my existence. I spend it almost entirely in the open air, and amuse myself with helping at log-fencing—I haven't taken to rail-splitting yet; that is beyond me—a little gardening, carpentering, and miscellaneous manual labour, all in an amateur fashion, and lightened with frequent intervals of pipes."

#### A TRANSLATION.

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE 12.

(*Miserarum est, neque Amori dare ludum, neque dulci.*)

'Tis the lot of wretched maids to be forbade Love's pleasant play,  
Nor with draughts of dulcet wine may they wash  
their ill's away;  
While beneath a stepdame's scolding lash they  
tremble all the day.  
Neobule! winged Cupid steals thy wools and  
basket. Nay!  
'Tis Hebrus' brilliant beauty drives Minerva's tasks  
away;  
When he cleaves with shining shoulders Tiber's  
current, by my fay,  
Not Bellerophon himself would be his equal in the  
fray  
With cestus, or in foot-race; and most skilful he  
to slay  
In the open plain the flying stag, as the scared  
herd darts away,  
And to snare within the thicket the lurking wild  
boar grim and gray.

JAMES INNES MINCHIN.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE paper which gives special interest to the August number of the *Antiquary* (Elliot Stock) is that by Mr. George Stephens, on "Northern Antiquarian Literature." Mr. Stephens has been resident so long among our Scandinavian kinsfolk that he has become a true Norseman. Little that remains above ground relating to the Scandinavian races is unknown to him, and he seems to have kept himself fully abreast of the large modern literature of the subject. All who take an interest in our Eastern kinsfolk should read his short but valuable paper. It is needless to say that Mr. Stephens is not one of those who believe that the picturesque mythology of the North is a late growth springing from Semitic and classic roots. The Rev. Valpy French has given us a good paper on the monumental brasses of Huntingdonshire. There is an opinion widely spread that all the monumental brasses now extant have been fully described. This is a grave error; and, as they are in more danger of destruction than almost any other class of memorial except stained glass, a service is done by anyone who will add to our knowledge of them. Mr. William John Hardy contributes the first part of a paper on Lord Hungerford of Heytesbury, and Mr. J. Theodore Bent discourses of the Crusade of King Richard. The *Antiquary's Note-book* is a prominent feature. A paper in it on the "Peteride Fires at Penzance" is worthy of note; as is also the

fact that at a village near Clitheroe it has been the immemorial custom for the people to elect a mock mayor.

THE first quarterly issue of the *Western Antiquary* is to hand. It has been revised from the notes which appear in the *Weekly Mercury*, a Plymouth paper. A valuable Appendix has been added, entitled "Glimpses of the Olden Time," by W. H. H. Rogers, Esq., F.S.A. Among the contents we find some interesting notices of Drake, in whose honour Plymouth hopes soon to erect a monument; curious traditions connected with places, specially such as have a British name, like Pennycomequick, the etymology of which has been forgotten, and a tale started to account for its meaning; quizzical and local sayings of a peculiar nature; reprints of ancient MSS. bearing on local matters; heraldry; inscriptions on sun-dials and tombstones; &c. The annual subscription is only five shillings, and the quarterly issue is uniform in size with the *Antiquary*, published in London. It has been very tastefully got up, and may be strongly recommended to all antiquarian students. The supply will be limited.

THE only fresh articles in the *Revista Contemporanea* of July 30 are by Fernandez Merino on Guillermo Prieto, whom he calls the popular poet *par excellence* of Mexico; and a curious account of the embassy of the Earl of Nottingham to Spain in 1605, by Ramirez de Villa-Urrutia, taken mainly from the contemporary reports of Treswell in English and of Cervantes in Spanish. The rest of the number is made up of continuations of works already noticed. We may remark, however, that the chapter on Morocco, by Ovilo Canales, contains a bibliography of Spanish books and MSS. relating to that kingdom. In the reviews, the lectures on Valderon by Menendez Pelayo, and Juan Calera's last novel, *El Comendador Mendoza*, are highly praised.

#### OBITUARY.

WE regret to announce that Dr. John Hill Burton, the Historiographer Royal for Scotland, died on August 10, at the age of seventy-two years. Next week we hope to give some account of his life and works.

THE Russian papers announce the death of Dr. Kounavine, on his estate near Kharkof. Dr. Kounavine had devoted his life to the study of the language of the Gipsies. With this object he had spent thirty-five years in travelling through all the countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa where Gipsies are to be found; and, to illustrate his favourite pursuit, he had acquired a fair knowledge of Sanskrit, Zend, and some of the modern languages of the East. Dr. Kounavine estimated the total number of Gipsy dialects at twenty, but the detailed results of his life-long investigations have never been published. He has bequeathed all his papers to M. Eliseiff, member of the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, who aided him in his work, and whom he designates as the sole person capable of preserving his labours from oblivion.

#### M. RENAN ON VIRTUE.

WE quote the following extracts from the discourse delivered by M. Renan on August 4, at the Palais de l'Institut, when communicating the award by the Académie française of the Montyon *prix de vertu*:-

"Les vertus éclatantes qui donnent la gloire, les épreuves de l'homme de génie, tout ce qui attire les applaudissements de la foule, les grands désespoirs aristocratiques comme les efforts sublimes dont parle l'histoire, ne sont point de votre programme. Même celui qui est soutenu dans l'accomplissement du devoir

par sa situation sociale, le bourgeois vertueux, s'il est permis de s'exprimer ainsi, vous ne le couronnez pas.

"Vous réservez vos prix pour la femme dévouée, pour l'homme du peuple courageux, qui, sans se douter de l'existence de vos fondations, ont suivi l'inspiration spontanée de leur cœur. Il n'y a donc aucun danger, messieurs, que vos récompenses, comme on l'a dit, gâtent la vertu dans sa source et renversent les fondements de l'ordre moral. Malgré tout ce que vous faites et ce que vous ferez, le métier de la vertu restera toujours le plus pauvre des métiers. Nul ne sera tenté de l'embrasser par l'espoir des profits qu'on y trouve. . . . .

"Bonne et solide race française, vertueuse depuis deux et trois mille ans, comme on la calomnie en la croyant livrée aux calculs étroits de l'égoïsme! Oui, certes, elle a de graves défauts: c'est de s'éprendre trop vite pour l'utopie généreuse, c'est de trop croire au bien et de se laisser surprendre par le mal, c'est de rêver le bonheur du monde et d'obliger des ingrats! Mais, croyez-moi, aucune autre race n'a dans ses entraîles autant de cette force qui fait vivre une nation, la rend immortelle malgré ses fautes et lui fait trouver en elle-même, au travers de tous ses désastres et de toutes ses décadences, un principe éternel de renaissance et de résurrection. . . . .

"On vous regarde comme des connaisseurs en fait de vertu, on suppose que vous en avez des réserves, si bien que, quand on en veut, c'est à vous qu'on s'adresse. Permettez-moi de vous rappeler un souvenir de ces derniers mois. Une pauvre jeune fille, très vertueuse, meurt, laissant deux couverts et un petit sucrier en argent qu'elle avait acheté de ses économies.

"Elle aimait beaucoup ce petit sucrier, qui représentait pour elle des privations, et, se voyant mourir, elle souffrait de l'idée qu'il passerait en des mains peut-être moins pures que les siennes. Elle stipule donc, dans son testament, que les deux couverts et le sucrier seraient légués à une jeune fille vertueuse et pratiquant la piété catholique. Le digne exécuteur testamentaire, ne sachant trop où chercher une personne qui remplit ces conditions, eut l'idée de s'adresser à vous, messieurs. Il vint à vous comme à un bureau de vertu. Je n'étais pas à la séance quand l'affaire est revenue; je crois que les règles établies ne vous ont pas permis d'accepter. Je l'ai regretté; peut-être, en nous entendant avec M. le curé de Saint-Germain-des-Prés pour la condition du catholicisme, aurions-nous pu mettre en repos l'âme de la pauvre fille et l'assurer que son petit ménage, auquel elle tenait tant, passerait entre les mains d'une personne partageant toutes ses idées et toutes ses vertus.

"On dirait, en lisant les œuvres d'imagination de nos jours, qu'il n'y a que le mal et le laid qui soient des réalités. Quand donc nous fera-t-on aussi le roman réaliste du bien? Le bien est tout aussi réel que le mal; les dossiers que vous m'avez chargé de lire renferment autant de vérité que les abominables peintures dont malheureusement nous ne pouvons contester l'exactitude. Emmeline Nadaud existe aussi bien que telle héroïne pervertie de tel roman pris sur nature. Qui nous fera un jour le tableau du bien à Paris? Qui nous dira la lutte de tant de vertus pauvres, de tant de mères admirables, de sœurs dévouées?

"Avons-nous donc tant d'intérêt à prouver que le monde où nous vivons est entièrement pervers? Non, grâce à la vertu, la Providence se justifie; le pessimisme ne peut citer que quelques cas bien rares d'êtres pour lesquels l'existence n'a pas été un bien. Un dessein d'amour éclata dans l'univers malgré ses immenses défauts, ce monde reste après tout une œuvre de bonté infinie."

#### AN APPEAL FROM PHRYGIA.

MR. W. M. RAMSAY, travelling student of the University of Oxford, intends this autumn to make a tour of discovery in the upper valleys of the Rivers Hermus and Maeander. He hopes to visit the sites of Hierapolis, Apamea, Sennada, and several other Graeco-Phrygian cities. This route has not been taken of late years, and Mr. Ramsay therefore hopes to light upon interesting unpublished monuments and inscriptions.

The Council of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies wish, at the suggestion of Mr. Ramsay, to send out a competent artist to accompany him, and make drawings of buildings and sculptures which may be visited on the route; such drawings to belong to the society for the purpose of record and publication. The services of a competent artist have been provisionally secured on terms very favourable to the society. The total expense of sending out the artist is not expected to exceed £150; but this is a larger sum than can yet be spared from the funds of the society. The council therefore invite the contributions of members, and of all who are interested in Greek antiquities, towards a special fund, to be formed for the purpose of carrying out the plan here proposed, having every hope that valuable archaeological discoveries will result from the undertaking.

This special fund will be termed "The Drawing and Excavations Fund;" subscriptions towards it will be gladly received by Mr. George Macmillan, hon. secretary, 29 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., or paid in to Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock and Co., Lombard Street, to the account of the said fund.

#### THE MYTH OF THE SIRENS.

Fern Bank, Higher Broughton, Manchester.

One of the most familiar of the Homeric legends is that which celebrates the charms of the dangerous Sirens. The wise Ulysses is thus warned by Circe to beware of their allurements:-

"Next where the Sirens dwell you plough the seas;  
Their song is death and makes destruction please.  
Unblessed the man whom music wins to stay  
Near the curs'd shore, and listen to the lay:  
No more the wretch shall view the joys of life,  
His blooming offspring or his beauteous wife!  
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around  
Lie human bones that whiten all the ground;  
The ground polluted floats with human gore,  
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore."

This passage has been interpreted by Etty in a magnificent painting, with which most of us are familiar, and of which this city may be proud to be the home.

The Sirens are described by Homer as possessing a power of enchantment in their song, as having a malevolent delight in the death of man, and an ogre-like taste for human flesh and blood. Ulysses escaped their dangerous influence by filling the ears of his companions with wax and by causing himself to be lashed to the mast when the vessel approached the dangerous coast whence floated the seductive song of the Sirens. By the classical writers the Sirens were often described as bird-like creatures—sometimes as winged women, and at other times as birds with human heads. From this and the etymological indications supplied by their name, Mr. Postgate asks,

"Are we, then, to suppose that this beautiful myth arose from the concurrence of two circumstances on an actual voyage—the singing of birds in the woods of a desert island, and strong currents setting towards its shore and compelling sailors to

lean to their oars if they would escape the shipwreck of their predecessors?"\*

Without attempting any judgment on this terribly rationalistic suggestion, it may be worth while to point out some hitherto unnoticed analogies to the classical myth which are to be found in the early art and literature of the Buddhists. Thus, in many of the paintings at Börö Boedoer, in Java, we have the figures of the bird-women. In plate civ. of the great work of Wilzen, Brumond, and Leemens we have what the authors style two of these "celestial gandharvis, beings half-women, half-birds," whose music has attracted the attention of a princely traveller and his suite.†

Still more curious is the story of the five hundred merchants, translated from the Chinese by the Rev. Samuel Beal. It narrates the history of five hundred merchants who, under a wise leader, determine on a sea voyage to increase their wealth. They are wrecked on the shores of a land inhabited by Rakshasis, or demons.

"Now, the Rakshasis, having perceived the disaster and the fate of the five hundred merchants, hastened with all speed to the place, intending to rescue the men and enjoy their company for a time, and then to enclose them in an iron city belonging to them, and there devour them at leisure."

Having transformed themselves from their real shape as hideous ogres into the most lovely women, they first rescued the distressed voyagers, and then cried,

"Welcome, welcome, dear youths! whence have ye come so far? But, now ye are here, let us be happy. Be ye our husbands, and we will be your wives! We have no one here to love or cherish us; be ye our lords to drive away sorrow, to dispel our grief! Come, lovely youths! come to our houses, well adorned and fully supplied with every necessary; hasten with us to share in the joys of mutual love."

The merchants, after a period in which to lament for their lost land, responded to these liberal offers. Time passed pleasantly enough, but the suspicions of the chief merchant were aroused by the circumstance that the women always exhorted their husbands to avoid a certain part at the south of the city. Of course he took the first opportunity of visiting the forbidden locality, and there found a number of victims of the Rakshasis still alive, and many more dead, dismembered and mutilated as though gnawed by wild beasts. The unfortunate captives told him that they also had been the lovers of the demon women, who for a time seem to love their companions, but all the while live on human flesh. The chief merchant asks if there is any chance of escape, and is told that once in each year the Horse-King Kesi visits the shore and cries aloud, "Whoever wishes to cross over the great salt sea, I will convey him over." The chief merchant resolves upon escape, and when the Horse-King appears his aid is invoked. He invites them to mount upon his back.

"Then, mounting into the air, he flew away like the wind. Meantime, the Rakshasis, hearing the thunder voice of the Horse-King, suddenly awaking from their slumber and missing their companions, after looking on every side at last perceived afar off the merchants mounted on the Horse-King, clinging to his hair, and holding fast in every way, as they journey through the air. Seeing this, each seized her child, and hurrying down to the shore, uttered piteous cries, and said: 'Alas! alas! dear masters! why are you about to leave us desolate?—whither are you going? Beware, dear ones, of the dangers of the sea. Remember your former mishap. Why do you leave us thus? What pain have we caused you? Have you not had your fill of

\* *Journal of Philology*, vol. ix., p. 112, art. "A Philological Examination of the Myth of the Sirens," by J. P. Postgate.

† *Börö Boudour, par Wilzen, Brumond et Leemens* (Leide, 1874), p. 183.

pleasure? Have we not been loving wives? Then why so basely desert us? Return, dear youths, to your children and your wives!' But all their entreaties were in vain, and the Horse-King soon carried those five hundred merchants back to the welcome shore they had left, across the waves of the briny sea."

This story is translated by Mr. Beal from the Chinese version of the Abinishkramana Sūtra, which was done into that language by Djinanakuta, a Buddhist priest from North India, who lived in China about the end of the sixth century of our era. This, however, affords no clue as to the antiquity of the story itself. The Horse-King is referred to in the Vishnu Purana and in the Prem Sagar. Whatever its date may be, the story seems to deserve attention as a curious and close analogue to the Homeric myth of the Sirens.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

### SELECTED BOOKS.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

BERNARD, J. *Quatre Mois dans le Sahara*. Paris: Delagrave. 3 fr. 50 c.

BERTOLOTTI, A. *Artisti Lombardi a Roma nei Secoli XV., XVI. e XVII. Studi e Ricerche negli Archivi romani*. Milano: Hoepli. 9 fr.

BRANTS, V. *Coup-d'œil sur les Débuts de la Science ethnologique dans les Ecoles françaises aux 13<sup>e</sup> et 14<sup>e</sup> Siècles*. Louvain. 1 fr. 50 c.

CHAMPEAUX. *Surtout n'oublie pas ton Parapluie*. Paris: Dentu. 3 fr.

HOPKINS, J. *Notes and Thoughts on Gardens and Woodlands*. Ed. A. J. Hope Johnstone. Macmillan. 6s.

KWONG KI CHIU. *A Dictionary of English Phrases*. Sampson Low & Co. 21s.

LEGRAND, E. *Recueil de Contes populaires grecs*. Paris: Leroux.

MUELLER, D. H. *Die Burgen u. Schlösser Südarabiens nach dem Ibil d. Hamdani*. 2. Hft. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 2 M. 50 Pf.

MUELLER, S. *Die Thier-Ornamentik im Norden. Ursprung, Entwicklung, u. Verhülltnis d'selben zu gleicheit. Stilarten*. Hamburg: Meissner. 5 M.

SCHWARZ, B. *Algérien (Küste, Atlas u. Wüste) nach 50 Jahren französischer Herrschaft*. Leipzig: Frohberg. 10 M.

#### THEOLOGY, ETC.

BARDOUX, A. *Le Comte de Montlosier et le Gallicanisme*. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

BIBLIOTHECA rabbinica. 10. v. 10. Lfg. Leipzig: Schulze. 2 M.

BONET-MATUÉ, G. *Des Origines du Christianisme unitaire chez les Anabaptistes*. Paris: Fischbacher.

MUELLER, J. *Réponses faites par de célèbres Rabins français et lorrains du 11<sup>e</sup> et 12<sup>e</sup> Siècle*. Wien: Löwy. 3 M.

#### HISTORY.

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#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### REMBRANDT'S "MONEY CHANGER."

London: Aug. 8, 1881.

In the ACADEMY of August 6 is a paragraph stating that, according to German papers, the Queen has presented to the Berlin Museum *The Money Changer*, a picture by Rembrandt, formerly in the royal galleries at Windsor.

It may perhaps be worth while to explain here the facts, which have been misrepresented in the German press, the more so as lovers of art in England take a special interest in this matter. The picture of *The Money Changer*, which is signed R. H. (connected), 1627, has a special value because it bears the earliest date hitherto known in Rembrandt's paintings. This becomes evident from Dr. Bode's recent publication, *Rembrandt's früheste Thätigkeit* (Vienna, 1881), wherein a successful engraving from this picture, by W. Unger, is also to be found. The earliest Rembrandt now in England—that in the collection at Hinton House—was painted in 1629. There are also two portraits at Windsor Castle, painted about two years later (one dated 1631). Other works of the same period were formerly in the Wynn-Ellis collection, but did not enter the National Gallery.

*The Money Changer* never belonged to the royal collections, but was heretofore in the large picture gallery of Mr. Cook at Richmond. By exchange it became the property of the well-known connoisseur, Mr. J. C. Robinson, Inspector of the Royal Picture Galleries. He it was who presented it to the Berlin Gallery, where this highly interesting work of Rembrandt was of course most thankfully received.

J.-P. RICHTER.

#### "A NEW COMMENTARY ON MATTHEW."

London Institution: Aug. 8, 1881.

May I explain, in reference to Mr. Drummond's criticism, that I deliberately avoided any discussion or expression of opinion on the literary pedigree of the gospels because the professed theological neutrality of my Commentary would otherwise have been discredited? I have not even meant to convey that opinion as to the original language of the first gospel which my reviewer conceives that I hold. I trust, however, that, when New Testament criticism has gone to school again, with Rushbrooke's *Synopticon* for a text-book as well as Bruder's *Concordance* for a dictionary, results will be obtained which may win so necessary an acceptance from Right and Left alike that those who put them forward will not be regarded on the one hand as undermining heretics, or on the other as prejudiced apologists.

I may add that the first and second of the three notes in which my reviewer thinks he sees a conservative assumption would have been written as they stand on exactly the contrary assumption. In the third note I have

not, indeed, suggested that the particular discourse, or the two discourses, narrated in Matthew and Luke were perhaps never delivered at all; but what would have been thought of my professions of neutrality if I had?

Not to go into other matters, I should like to say that my conjecture of an intermediate *τεχνῶν* between the various readings *τέκνων* and *τέρπων* in xi. 19, though formed independently, has been clearly anticipated by both Alford and Scrivener.

EDWARD B. NICHOLSON.

BUDA (AQUINCUM) INSCRIPTION.

Combe Vicarage, near Woodstock: Aug. 8, 1881.

I offer a supplement to my hurried note in the ACADEMY of August 6.

It is not surprising that Nemesis, a goddess described in poetry as "Dea magna potensque," should be in an inscription styled "omnipotens." Probably, the inscription refers to some conflict between the Roman army and the Iazyges, on whose land was reared, opposite Acinacum (or Aquincum), a fort that formed its outwork (there being a bridge over the Danube), and hence was called Contra-Acinacum (*Not. Imp.*); while Ptolemy, who (*Geogr. ii. 16, § 4*) mentions the stronghold on the site of Alt-Buda as "Ακούσικον," speaks (iii. 7, § 2) of that on the site of Pesth as Πέρσιον. At all events, the words "Virgini Victoriae Sanctae Deae Nemesis" are found in an inscription (Gruter, p. 80, n. 5); and with them one may compare the figure termed Victoria Nemesis, which appears on some coins (Eckhel, *Doctrina Numorum Veterum*, vi. 236), the first being a gold denarius of Vibius Varus.

JOHN HOSKYNNS-ABRAHALL.

"THE YOUTHFUL EXPLOITS OF FINN."

Lowestoft: Aug. 8, 1881.

Mr. David Comyn has just published for the Gaelic Union what he calls a new edition of the *Macgnímartha Fhinn; or, the Youthful Exploits of Finn*, a Middle-Irish composition which is preserved in the Bodleian Codex, Laud 610. It was first published in 1859 by O'Donovan, in the fourth volume of the Ossianic Society's *Transactions*, from a transcript made by Mr. Cleaver. Now, Mr. Comyn's text is nothing but a reprint of O'Donovan's, as he evidently entirely believed in the trustworthiness of O'Donovan and his friend in philological matters. But this implicit belief unfortunately turns out, in this case at least, to have been entirely misplaced; for not only is the partcopied by Mr. Cleaver much disfigured by misreadings, but the statement made by the former, that "the remaining portion of the MS. was so defaced as to render it totally illegible," is in glaring contrast with the fact that the MS. from beginning to end is written in the clearest character imaginable. There seems no explanation of this misstatement possible, unless we believe that Mr. Cleaver soon tired of copying what he did not understand, and therefore could not appreciate, and thus got rid of an unwelcome task by inventing the above absurd excuse. He left off on fol. 120a, in the middle of a fine poem ascribed to Finn; while the MS. not only gives the rest of this poem (ending at the bottom of fol. 120a with the words, "cette man Cain ciuin eucth. c."), but goes on with the narrative of Finn's adventures, till it comes to an abrupt close on the top of fol. 121b.

Does it not seem quite out of harmony with the zeal and energy displayed by modern Irish philologists that they should neglect the fundamental methods of philological research, without the strict observance of which all labour is but wasted? Carelessness of this kind has been the bane of Celtic philology; and what can one

expect in the future if it now enters into works expressly destined for the use of schools?

I hope soon to be able to publish the whole of this valuable text, which will corroborate the correctness of the above statements. In the meantime, allow me to notice only a few passages where, through misreading of the MS., either the language or the meaning of the context has been entirely distorted.

O'Donovan's and Mr. Comyn's Text. MS.

12. o ro gaet mac o ro gaet in laigne lond	12. o ro gaet mac o ro gaet in laigne lond
<i>Ib.</i> Daire conraitea ris aire conraitea ris Goll.	<i>Ib.</i> Daire conraitea ris aire conraitea ris Goll.
13. Bodhmall	Bodhmall
<i>Ib.</i> iardam	iardain
18. ro forbadh	ro forbair
26. ni caemasmais ní do, ol siat; cur ab Deimne a ainm.	ni caemasmais ní do, ol siat. Andeber a ainm fríb; ol se. Adobert, ol siat, curub Demne a ainm.
47. is amlaith imorro	is amlaid imorro ro bui-sim.
54. is sin tra dorat	is ed sin tra dorat.
55. ro fogluim-sium in treid de &c.	ro fogluim-sium in treid, &c.
56. ruidig	suidig

KUNO MEYER.

EARLY ENGLAND IN SPRUNER'S "HAND-ATLAS."

98 Roebeck Road, Sheffield: Aug. 8, 1881.

The deservedly high reputation of Spruner's *Historical Atlas*, and the confidence generally placed in its authority, render it necessary to call attention to the very untrustworthy character of the map of "The British Isles before the Norman Conquest," which still appears in the last edition (1880) of that work. The authorities mentioned in the Preface as having been followed in the compilation of this map are Lappenberg, Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary*, and G. L. B. Freeman's *Historical Map of Anglo-Saxon and Roman Britain* (1838). The English reader will not consider it surprising that, with these materials, the result should be far from satisfactory, especially with regard to the local nomenclature. The names which are given appear in the most discordant shapes—forms derived from Domesday, and from still later writings, being mingled (without any typographical distinction) with forms taken from the Anglo-Saxon records. In those instances in which names are presented apparently in the native contemporary spelling, there is no distinction made between genuine documentary forms and mere conjectural restorations (generally embodying erroneous etymologies), such as Fleamburh for Flamborough, Eaxanholm for Axholm, Bathanstanes for Buxton, Scearbure for Scarborough, and many others. No attempt has been made to give the names in their purest documentary forms. In many cases, indeed (as in "Wyrksoppe" for the Domesday Werchesope), quite modern spellings have been adopted instead of those found in early documents. The "Taddeney-scelfe" of the *Chronicle* (Tanshelf, near Pontefract) is given as "Tadenclyff," and is wrongly placed to the north-east of Ripon. Leeds appears under the strange form "Lhydes," and Dorchester (in Dorset) is given as "Dorces-ceaster." Many more instances of this kind might be quoted, beside several misreadings, such as Scaeford, Scobbesbyri, and Mirenaford. The confusion thus arising is rendered still worse confounded by the introduction (still without any distinction of lettering) of a crowd of British names taken from Nennius and the *Mabinogion*. These names would be much better omitted, as the identification of the places denoted by them is for the most part quite uncertain. Owing to

the smallness of the scale on which the map has been drawn, the names of the shires are altogether omitted, so that anyone whose sole information on the subject was derived from this atlas would imagine that "the division into counties" was an institution of William the Conqueror.

It is to be hoped that these faults will be corrected in future editions of this valuable work. It would be better, also, to abandon the attempt to represent in one map the historical geography of the whole period between the withdrawal of the Romans and the year 1066. In its present state the map is certainly quite unserviceable for any historical purpose.

HENRY BRADLEY.

SCIENCE.

*Anundoram Borooah's English-Sanskrit Dictionary.* In 3 vols. (Calcutta: Khetramohana Mukerjea.)

We heartily congratulate Mr. Anundoram Borooah on the completion of his *English-Sanskrit Dictionary*. We have dwelt on former occasions, when noticing the appearance of his first and second volumes, on the great difficulties of such an undertaking, and we have no hesitation in saying that it would be almost impossible for a European Sanskrit scholar to undertake such a work and carry it through successfully. That an English-Sanskrit Dictionary cannot be produced by the simple process of putting a Sanskrit-English Dictionary topsy-turvy is well known by this time to all scholars. But if we are still without a good English-Greek Dictionary, we need not wonder that Sanskrit scholars, even those whose reading has been most extensive, shrink from attempting such a work for English and Sanskrit. Mr. Anundoram Borooah's work is a most creditable beginning in this branch of Sanskrit scholarship, and contains a number of very happy renderings of English words and phrases. But the great difficulty consists in this, that so many English ideas are utterly unknown in Sanskrit literature, and words have actually to be framed which, if they do not render the original ideas exactly, approximate at all events sufficiently near to become in time their proper equivalents. This process of inventing new words goes on constantly in the modern languages of India, chiefly by the aid of Sanskrit; and hence a scholar like Mr. Anundoram Borooah, who is a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, and at the same time a pleader at Calcutta, is more likely to hit on possible Indian equivalents for English ideas than even the most learned of Sanskrit scholars in Europe.

I had a good opportunity of testing Mr. A. Borooah's work when, being asked by another gentleman in India, Mr. Behramji Malabari, who is engaged in a Guzeráthi translation of my *Hibbert Lectures*, to supply him with adequate equivalents for a number of words for which neither he nor his friends in India could suggest any proper translation. It is his intention, with the assistance of several native scholars, to publish translations of these lectures, *On the Origin and Growth of the Religion of India*, not only in Guzeráthi, but also in Máraháti and Bengali, and, if possible, in Sanskrit. But some of the philosophical terms which occur in the

lectures seem to him to resist all attempts at naturalisation in Sanskrit, and I thought it the best way of testing Mr. Borooh's work to see how far he could help us out of our difficulties. What, for instance, is the Sanskrit for "the theory of development"? Mr. Borooh directs us from "development" to "growth," and there we find *parināma*, which is the right word, and which as *parināma-vāda* would well express the "theory of evolution." But how are we to express "historical development," an idea utterly foreign to the Indian mind? All that can be done is to explain what we mean by it, and to use for it some such word as *dirghatālāuropadha parināma*, as suggested by Mr. Shyāmaji Krishnavarmā. For "animism" we look in vain in Mr. Borooh's Lexicon; nor can I think of anything better than *givavāda*. "Anthropomorphism," too, is absent, as well as "anthropopathism." Might *manushyatvāropa* and *rāgāropa* answer the purpose? For "anachronism," we find a suggestion of *kālaganāvāhrama*, which will answer in many places, while in others *kālavirodha* might be more useful. For "solecism," *samskārakyuti* might do service, or, in a more general sense, *vagdosha*. Under "supernatural" we find *alankika*, *atimānusha*, *āskarya*, and *adbhuta*. We miss *paroksha*, which often fits in better than any of these. We can hardly blame Mr. Borooh for not entering "salto mortale" in his Dictionary, and we doubt whether *givasandehotpūti* would convey the same meaning in Sanskrit. For "pessimism," which is absent, *doshadrishti* has been suggested by Mr. Shyāmaji Krishnavarmā. "Impersonal" could hardly be expressed by the word given by Mr. Borooh, *prathemapurusha*, even in grammar. In its philosophical acceptance it may be rendered by *lingavibhina*. "Henotheism" and "kathenotheism" are naturally absent, and it is difficult to suggest any expression for them except *ekaikadeva-pūgānam* or *pratyekadeva-pūgānam*. Thus, "divine polity" may be rendered by *isvarātmyakṣatā*; "self-surrender," by *ātmātāgā*; "primordial revelation," by *anādītārthi*; "external revelation," by *pratyakṣasācūti* or *sākshāttādarsana*; "material certainty," by *pratyakshāvākā* or *pratyakshāvādākā*. A "phonetic type" is simply *dhātu*, or, if necessary, *sabda-prakṛiti*. To render *nomina numina* into English is as difficult as to render it into Sanskrit. Perhaps *sāñjñātā sāñjñinātā* might be a sufficiently near approach. "From grace to grace" may be approximately rendered by *samskārāt samskāram prati*, or by *isvarānugrahāt isvarānugraham prati*; "the phenomenal world," by *pratyaksha*, or *sthūla-loka*. Very often we have to use in Sanskrit different words for the same concept. Thus, "universe" may be rendered by *visvam*, as Mr. Borooh suggests, in certain constructions, such as *visvārig*, the Creator of the universe; but when "universe" is used by itself, *triloka* probably, or *trivishtapa*, would have to be adopted. "Personality" is more than *purushatā*, as suggested by Mr. Borooh. In Buddhist phraseology, person would be *pudgala*; in ordinary Sanskrit we should have to use *vyakti* or *ātman*.

We see, therefore, that Mr. Borooh's *English-Sanskrit Dictionary*, even when ex-

amined by so severe a test as we have applied, supplies us generally with useful suggestions, and will form a safe and solid foundation for future labours in the same direction. Mr. Borooh has added to his third volume a long and important Introduction "On the Ancient Geography of India," and an Appendix of "Geographical Names rendered in Sanskrit," both of which will be gratefully received by Sanskrit scholars in Europe.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

*The Miles Gloriosus of Plautus.* By R. Y. Tyrrell, Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. (Macmillan.)

THE appearance of the *Miles Gloriosus*, equipped with an Introduction, critical apparatus, English commentary, and Index, will be hailed by all students and teachers interested in the study of Plautus. The present writer has used Prof. Tyrrell's edition with a large class, and can testify to its usefulness as a school-book. The text is thoroughly up to date, not in the sense of being full of new conjectural emendations, but in that of being based upon the best results of modern criticism, conservative as well as radical. Thus, in v. 24, it is satisfactory to find the excellent reading of E. Schreiner,

"nisi unum : epityrum illi estur insanum bene," which is simply that of the MSS. properly punctuated. The emendations of Bentley, recently brought to light in the British Museum, have been studied, and their value duly appreciated. It is remarkable how often the editor of Plautus has to acknowledge that the true reading was found out by Bentley a century before Ritschl and the discovery of the Ambrosian palimpsest. The publication of Bentley's notes on Plautus would, on many points, have directed criticism into the right channel before the labours of the modern German school began.

But Prof. Tyrrell has not merely reproduced the criticism of others. In several places he has himself contributed to the formation of the text. His emendations in 604 (*qui*) and 606 (*re*), and his restoration of the reading of the MSS. in 231 and 779, are happy and successful; and his note on 693 is suggestive. In other cases his readings seem open to question, especially in 236, where the insertion of *mi* gives quite a perverse sense (*cf.* 331). In 472 it would have been better to retain *hanc*, which suits much better with 474; in 1222, *quia adit ad te* is far better than the future *adibit*. In one or two passages he has omitted to take a hint from Bentley. Thus, in 776, the insertion of *Nec* restores the metre (*fuisse* being dissyllabic; *cf.* 544) and improves the sentence; it is very questionable whether *adaeque* can ever be used absolutely, and the MSS. read *aeque*. In Capt. iii. 5, 42, Fleckeisen's conjecture seems preferable to Müller's. Again, Bentley's conjecture on 1221 is worth considering. In 401 Bentley is nearer the MSS. than Ritschl; *Ba* has *vidisset*, and there is no trace of *te* before *eam* in any MS. *A* seems to have no trace of *es*, and the *es* of *B* is a correction (*cf.* 409). Again, in 1217 the order of the words *videre*

*sentiat* in all the MSS. supports Bentley's *videre sentiat se*. In 313 we have the combined authority of Bentley and Ritschl (alternative conjecture, adopted by Brix) for *in terris* (or, *terra*) *te alter est*, and the MSS. show signs of *te* before *alter*. In 552, Bentley's *aqua* is surely better than *aeque* of *A*, though Ritschl apparently thought otherwise, Bothe having, with his usual strange coincidence with Bentley, proposed the same reading.

The commentary is full and clear. Here, of course, Prof. Tyrrell relies mainly upon Brix and Lorenz; after the labours of these two scholars, the work of an English editor is largely one of adaptation. Yet Prof. Tyrrell has here, too, contributed his share to the explanation of his author—for the most part when explaining some passage in which he has introduced novelties into the text. A good example of such a note is that on 779, in which he successfully defends the reading of the MSS. *non* against *nunc*, which is accepted by all recent editors.

There remain a few passages in which Prof. Tyrrell has hardly realised his ideal of "leaving no difficulty unexplained." Thus, in the celebrated line, 212,

"Nam *os* *columnatum* *poetae esse* *indaudivi* *barbaro*,"

it is no explanation of *os columnatum* to say that "the attitude of Palestrio reminds Plautus of his brother-poet Naevius." The question is, What do the words mean as applied to Naevius? In 231 we expect some explanation of *impetrare* (see Brix); in 665, of *liquidus*, denoting a state of mind or temper (see Lorenz, *Most.* 737, and *cf.* *candidus*). In 29 there is no note on the tense of *transmineret*, in 62 none upon the mood of *obscraverint*. On 95 the commentary might have been enriched by a reference to Capt. ii. 3, 31, and Cicero, *Pro Muraena*, xxix. 61; on 11 and 16 by quotations from Virgil (*bellator equus*, to illustrate the adjectival use of *bellator*, and *madida cum veste* to illustrate *cum armis aureis*). On 24 and 113 Sallust might have been brought to bear upon Plautus (see *Jugurtha*, xxiv. 5 and xxxi. 20, for *nisi*; xxviii. 6, for *in Ephesum*). On 154 the editor might have quoted Thuc. iv. 67 (*ἐς τὸν Ἑρύλαον*) to illustrate *a vicino sene*. Further explanation or illustration would be acceptable in lines 658, 729, 781.

A less satisfactory part of Prof. Tyrrell's work than his text and commentary is his critical apparatus. This he intends for the use of "scholars and critics," and expressly announces it as a substitute for the apparatus of Ritschl, published in 1848, and long since out of print. That Prof. Tyrrell's apparatus may be very useful to the student beginning a study of the *Miles*, and desirous of getting a general notion of the readings of the MSS., goes without saying: but, for the "critic," it is inadequate. Thus in line 401, above alluded to, the sole piece of information that the apparatus gives is that *te* is the reading of Ritschl. It gives no information about the first hand of *B* or the reading of *A*; it gives no means of estimating the value of Bentley's conjecture. Again, in 174 there is not a word to show that the reading *vostrum* (= *vostrorum*) is due to *A*, against the other MSS. In 389 all the MSS., except *A*, have *familiaris meus mihi*; the omission of this statement robs

Bentley of the credit of a certain correction. On line 405 the apparatus is entirely misleading; in 385 there is no mention of the fact that all the MSS., including *A*, read *mili devoti sunt*, and that the correction is due to Bentley. The above are only a few of the cases in which Prof. Tyrrell's apparatus is defective. Others, more or less grave, will be found by anyone who compares it with Ritschl's edition at lines 86, 176, 270, 279, 390, 566, 675, 1086. Misprints are far too common; instances may be seen on p. xxxv. (ver. 1247 P), and at 160, 280, 282, 313, 335, 360 (MSS. *Quam nam*), 588, 660, 673, 718, 752, 1135, 1217, 1220. In the Introduction, Prof. Key appears as Prof. Keys. In one case the editor inadvertently claims as his own a reading proposed by Bentley (231).

In the Introduction, Prof. Tyrrell has committed himself to a questionable position—viz., that the spurious character of some of the Prologues may be inferred from their references to a sitting audience. This well-known argument (see Ritschl, *Parerga*, i. 209 foll.) should not be stated without a mention of the serious objections to which it is liable. No doubt the prologues are, for the most part, not genuine. But the argument would prove too much; for the body of the play contains, in several instances, an allusion to a sitting audience (see *Aulularia*, iv. 9, 6; *Epidicus*, v. 3; *Truculentus*, v. 36). Of course the seats need not have been permanent rows of benches; they may have been camp-stools brought into the theatre by the audience. But the fact that the audience in the Plautine theatre did, somehow or other, manage to sit is sufficient to destroy the validity of the *argumentum a sedendo* which has been urged against the prologues.

E. A. SONNENSCHEIN.

#### CURRENT SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

*Butterflies: their Structure, Changes, and Life-Histories, with Special Reference to American Forms.* By Samuel H. Scudder. (New York: Henry Holt and Co.) Mr. Scudder describes his work as "an application of the doctrine of descent to the study of butterflies," and as such it is by no means without considerable value of its own. Indeed, it contains many useful hints, many luminous *aperçus*, and not a little depth of insight in certain directions. The descriptions of the caterpillars give us several new and interesting facts as to special adaptations of different larvae to their peculiar environments; the treatment of the chrysalids is original and striking; and the indications of earlier habits afforded by the metamorphoses are ingeniously and often conclusively brought out. The question of the ancestry of butterflies generally, and the affinities by descent of the existing forms, is very cleverly handled. And the chapter on the colonisation of New England by its present lepidopterous fauna is a capital study in the manner of Mr. A. R. Wallace, tracing the various species in a most interesting way, mainly to immigration from southward at the close of the glacial epoch, and showing the relative poverty and sub-arctic character of the New England types when compared with the richness of the European lepidoptera, in which a large tropical or sub-tropical element is due to the continuous connexion of our continent with the great equatorial land masses in Asia and Africa. The numerous wood-cuts, too, are of that finished and delicate sort for which American engravers are beginning to be con-

spicuous; and they aid greatly in the comprehension of the text. Nevertheless, we must admit that in many ways Mr. Scudder seems to us to have set out upon the wrong track. His evolutionism is a little half-hearted, and his hankering after teleological explanations greatly detracts from the merit of his work. His chapters on the coloration of butterflies, for instance, are all directed towards proving the essentially reactionary doctrine that ornamentation is not due to the action of physical agencies or to natural or sexual selection, but is the result of "a pre-ordaining purpose and plan"—in other words, a supernatural and miraculous interference. The desire to demonstrate or to suggest that natural causes are insufficient to account for this, that, or the other detail of structure underlies half the reasoning in the book, which is thus really and fundamentally anti-Darwinian, though purporting to be written on Darwinian principles. If we are going to admit that creative design is answerable for a little point here and a little point there wherever we find it convenient, we may as well become thoroughgoing teleologists outright, and throw overboard the ineffectual doctrine of natural selection altogether. Mr. Scudder's doubts as to the possibility of accounting for sundry obvious peculiarities by the agency of physical causes alone read very strangely after Dr. Weissmann's masterly demonstration of the complete adequacy of natural selection to produce every individual line and spot in the markings of caterpillars, and his absolute annihilation of that doctrine of phyletic vital energies or inherent formative principles to which his American *confrère* is so attached. Mr. Scudder will find, too, that he cannot waive aside valuable ideas like Fritz Müller's identification of the androconia as sexually developed scent organs in a foot-note merely because they do not square with his theories. Naturalists who are asked to decide between sexual selection and the direct finger of God will find the former a more realisable, and therefore a more scientific, hypothesis.

*American Nervousness, its Causes and Consequences.* By G. M. Beard, A.M., M.D. (New York: Putnam's Sons.) The author's definition of nervousness—"nervlessness, a lack of nerve force"—affords a measure of the kind of reasoning to be found throughout his book. *Ignotum per ignotius* might be its motto. A definition of nerve force, and a method of estimating it quantitatively, he does not supply; though his language simulates the definite precision with which we are accustomed to treat of electricity or chemical affinity. If, however, we set aside the scientific pretensions, which are as misleading as they are grotesque, we may find much that is instructive, much also that is entertaining, in the strange medley of fact and speculation that is served up to us. Among the signs of American nervousness, the author includes the "phenomenal beauty of American girls of the highest type;" it is interesting to learn that "the English beauties of national and international fame, at whose feet the empire of Great Britain is now kneeling, in this country would be held simply as of average rather than exceptional excellence." Among the causes of American nervousness, railways, telegraphs, clocks and watches, buying on a margin, and climate may be admitted without question. But what shall we say of the rapid development and acceptance of new ideas, of increased capacity for sorrow, of repression of emotion? Shall these pass muster? And is their operation more felt in the United States than it is in Europe? One consolation which the author offers to his nervous countrymen is an increased prospect of longevity, with special immunity from inflammatory disorders; it is doubtful how far this may be held to compensate for the long train of daily miseries by which

they are afflicted. One chapter is devoted to the longevity of brain-workers, and the relation of age to work. In this chapter Mr. Galton is occasionally quoted; it is a pity that his industry in investigating facts, and his exemplary caution in drawing inferences from them, should not have put Dr. Beard upon his guard against the habits of uncritical accumulation and hasty generalisation by which the present work is frequently disfigured.

*The Human Voice, and Connected Parts.* By Dr. J. Farrar. (Marshall, Sapp and Co.) This book is meant for an unprofessional audience, consisting of orators, clergymen, and others. It is written in the loose and baggy style usually supposed to be "popular;" though what clergymen and other members of the public have to do with the treatment of laryngeal growths and the formation of an artificial nose by the Taliacotian method, the author does not explain. His book seems to us to fall between two stools: to the professional reader it is of no value; to the lay public it will certainly be unintelligible.

*Fashion in Deformity.* By W. H. Flower, LL.D., F.R.S. "Nature" Series. (Macmillan.) In this little essay of some eighty pages, the distinguished Curator of the Hunterian Museum gives an account of various mutilations practised by savage tribes and their civilised imitators under the influence of fashion. He shows how the ear-ring of the modern lady is the insignificant representative of monstrous plates, wedges, and pins inserted into every loose fold of skin by the Botocudo, Bongo, and Thlinket *belles*. He gives a brief but pregnant sketch of the various ways in which an infant's skull may be moulded into the form of a pear or a pancake. Lastly, he devotes a few melancholy and probably useless pages to the deformities of the chest induced by tight-lacing. In matters of this kind, science and common-sense seem to have little chance of prevailing over the tyranny of fashion.

#### OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN DUNCAN, the Alford botanist, died on Tuesday, at Droughsbourne, near Alford, Aberdeenshire. The deceased some time ago presented a unique collection of botanical specimens to the Aberdeen University, and a public subscription was recently raised on his behalf. He was self-taught, and acquired his vast botanical knowledge unassisted.

#### BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Edinburgh.

In view of the approaching fiftieth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at York, I beg to inform your readers interested therein that forty-two names appear on the last list of members out of the original number of 695 names on the first list. This speaks well for the longevity of men of science, as all these individuals, if still living, should be eighty years old, allowing their age at first joining to have been about thirty years.

Among these forty-two original members may be mentioned the names of Sir G. B. Airy, Dr. James Apjohn, Sir R. Christison, Prof. Jarrett, Rev. L. J. Blomefield, Rev. Dr. H. Lloyd, Rev. Dr. T. R. Robinson, and the Taylors.

I have been enabled to get some particulars from a friend of mine, who was one of the original members of the Association, about his journey from Bolton to York, in September 1831, to attend the first meeting.

A party was made up of Dr. Black, Rev. W. Allen and son, Mr. Watkins, and Mr. Tracy. They started by coach early on the morning

of September 25, got to Rochdale to breakfast, and crossed over Blackstone Edge to Leeds, where they dined, and afterwards arrived at York late in the evening. At the meeting next day, they saw Dr. Dalton, Sir D. Baxter, and Dr. Pritchard; the first address was delivered by Lord Milton, and the second by Mr. V. Harcourt.

After the conclusion of the meeting, the party left York by coach one evening and, travelling all night, arrived in Bolton the next morning. They wore furred cloaks because of the cold weather.

It was not till ten years later, in 1841, that the railway from Manchester to Leeds was opened, so that now the journey from Bolton to York can be done in three hours and a-quarter instead of fourteen hours as in 1831.

Railway progress has since then modified the obstacles of time and space, and raised the number of visitors to the British Association from 353 in 1831 to 3,335 in 1862.

W. T. BLACK.

#### NOTES OF TRAVEL.

In addition to Lord Aberdare, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Henry Layard and Mr. John Ball will also attend the International Geographical Congress, to be held at Venice next month, as the official representatives of England.

DR. G. NEUMAYER AND HERR OTTO LEICHARDT have just published at Hamburg a volume of letters written to his relations by the well-known Australian explorer, Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt. Dr. Neumayer, who was at one time Director of the Melbourne Observatory, adds an Appendix, in which he considers Leichhardt's merits and character as an explorer, &c.

We hear that Sir F. von Müller, Director of the Botanical Gardens at Melbourne, is endeavouring to organise another expedition to search for relics of Leichhardt's lost party in Central Australia on both sides of the overland telegraph line.

THE Ringelspitze group has just been traversed, for the first time, by Herr Simon, the topographical engineer, accompanied by the excellent guides, Tischhauser, of Sevelen, and Bugg, of Sargans. The ascent was commenced from the Kalfeserthal (Alp Schreinen) towards the Glaser glacier, and thence to the upper Glaser-firn, from whence the Piz da Sterls was ascended for the first time from the north. The descent was made by way of Trins and Chur. The start from Alp Schreinen began at 4 a.m.; the Piz da Sterls was reached at 8.15, and the party arrived in Chur at 6.30 in the evening. The ascent from the Kalfeserthal has hitherto been regarded as impracticable.

THE Italian travellers, Dr. P. Matteucci and Lieut. Alfonso Massari, arrived at Liverpool on August 5 on their return from their adventurous journey across Africa. No news from them had reached Rome since January, and considerable anxiety was felt for their safety. From their last letters, it was expected that they would have made for the coast through Tripoli, and arrangements were accordingly made for their comfort and assistance at Bengazi and other places. A telegram, however, which reached the Italian Geographical Society from Madeira at the end of July showed that they had reverted to their original plan, and had succeeded in traversing the continent from east to west. They left Suakin, on the Red Sea, on March 5, 1880, and proceeded, by way of Khartum and the province of Kordofan, to El-Fasher, the capital of Darfur. After wearing some negotiations, they were allowed to go to Abeshr, the chief town of Wadai, from

which their last letters were dated. After that instead of striking northwards, as was expected, they visited Lake Chad, and then traversed Bornu, Baghirmi, Sokoto, &c., arriving at Eggga on June 8. From that point, of course, their journey to the Gulf of Guinea was perfectly simple. Nothing is yet known at Rome respecting the details and results of Dr. Matteucci's journey; but as his companion, Lieut. Massari, is a man of high scientific attainments, much valuable information has no doubt been acquired. From a purely geographical point of view, nothing very much could be achieved on the line traversed by the party, as reference to the most recent maps will show that the country is more or less known throughout, though no European has before made the entire journey from the Red Sea to the Atlantic.

No less than 200 Belgian officers are stated to have applied for employment in the International African Association's various expeditions; and it is expected that a new expedition will start shortly for East Central Africa, as some officers are now undergoing a special course of instruction in certain mechanical arts, a knowledge of which is indispensable at an isolated station like that of Karembo on Lake Tanganyika.

By recent news from West Africa, Dr. Bayol appears to be making good progress in his journey towards the Futa Jallon highlands. He has sent back some of his porters and baggage in order to be able to proceed more rapidly. In spite of the rains and other obstacles, Dr. Bayol hoped to reach Timbo about the middle of June. He will afterwards visit the gold region of Bouré.

AFTER he has examined the country near the coast of the mainland of Africa with a view to the discovery of coal, Mr. Joseph Thomson expects to be sent by the Sultan of Zanzibar to Makindarry, which is to be the centre of his future labours.

THE Maharajah of Johore is at present making a tour in Java in order to obtain personal experience of the mode of cultivating tea, coffee, &c.

SENHOR WALIGNON proposes to undertake an expedition along the banks of the River Paraná, his main object being to make natural history collections for the Buenos Ayres Museum. He has made application to the Argentine Government for a grant of £100 for the purchase of the necessary instruments and apparatus.

DR. MORENO's map of Patagonia, together with his geographical notes accompanying it, are, it is said, to be shortly published at the expense of the Argentine Government.

THE Central Committee of the Swiss Alpine Club for the next period of office will be formed out of the members of the Section Diablerets (canton Vaud). Prof. Eugen Rambert is the president.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

*The Ethnology of England.*—Mr. James Bonwick, who for nearly forty years has paid much attention to ethnological questions, has lately been issuing a series of interesting little works on *Our Nationalities* (Bogue), the last of which has just been published under the title, *Who are the English?* The writer has collected from trustworthy sources a vast amount of information—ethnological, archaeological, and historical—and has presented his results in a concise and cheap form, well suited for general reading. Mr. Bonwick recognises the existence of pre-Roman elements in the English people, but without giving undue prominence to British blood. In most cases he is careful to give both sides of the question under discussion. Such

works do not pretend to add much to the sum of our knowledge; but all attempts to popularise the scientific teachings of ethnology are assuredly praiseworthy.

As we anticipated when recording the sad death of the late Prof. Rolleston, a committee has been formed at Oxford for the purpose of founding a prize or scholarship to his memory. The list of subscribers contains, among others, the names of the Marquis of Salisbury, Chancellor of the University, the members for the University, the Postmaster-General, the Vice-Chancellor, the Dean of Christ Church, the Presidents of the Royal Society and the Royal College of Physicians, the Bishops of Exeter and Gibraltar, Dr. Acland, the Master of Balliol, the Rector of Lincoln, the Principal of Brasenose, the Warden of Merton, the Provost of Queen's, and Dr. Pusey. We believe that there is no foundation for the rumour that Prof. W. H. Flower, Conservator of the Museum of the College of Surgeons, is a candidate for the vacant chair.

In the course of the excavations for the new fort at Lier, in the neighbourhood of Antwerp, a number of bones of extinct animals, mammoths' teeth, and the almost complete skeleton of a rhinoceros have been dug up. It was in the same district that, in 1760, was found the immense skeleton of a mammoth which is preserved in the Natural History Museum at Brussels.

#### FINE ART.

*Manuel de l'Amateur d'Estampes.* Par M. Eugène Dutuit. Tome IV. Ecoles flamande et hollandaise. Tome I. (Paris.)

FEW literary undertakings connected with the fine arts could be more formidable than that to which M. Eugène Dutuit has addressed himself in the volume before us. Though the first issued, and the first treating of the Flemish and Dutch schools, it is, as will be seen from the title-page, really the fourth of the intended series. It will be followed by vols. i., ii., iii., which will relate to the earliest-known prints, to those *en manière criblee*, to Block Books, Heiligen, Playing and other Cards, Illustrated Books of the Fifteenth Century, Books of Hours, Dances of Death, &c., &c., while vols. v., vi., vii., and perhaps viii. will appear in due course, completing the Flemish, Dutch, and Early Italian masters; and not improbably a Supplement, of equal size to any volume that has preceded it, will be required to correct the inevitable errors and make the many additions which a work of such a nature necessarily presupposes. So comprehensive an undertaking would appear to have been beyond the grasp of any single individual, however highly qualified, and should, it would seem, rather have been entrusted to an Index Society, or a Committee of Specialists, who might divide the work as for an encyclopaedia. But M. Dutuit has alone and courageously entered the field; and, watching his spirited attempt, we may say that, if any one person can accomplish the task at all, it is hardly possible that it should be in better hands. Widely known among *connoisseurs* and collectors, possessed of unusual taste and discrimination in all matters relating to art, and enjoying ample means, without which indulgence in such taste is impossible, M. Dutuit has, in the course of many years,

formed a collection of ancient prints and works of art such as can rarely be found outside a national museum, and is not often equalled there. His *Souvenir de l'Exposition* (1869) gave some idea of the varied nature and richness of his treasures a dozen years ago; and the reader has only to notice in the volume before us the frequent recurrence of the asterisk, which denotes his ownership of the print or state of print which he describes, to feel assured that the author, in by far the larger part of his self-imposed task, has had the enormous advantage of seeing in his own portfolios the print which he describes, and has been, of course, able to examine and handle it with a freedom properly enough denied to the student, who can, in most instances, only make himself acquainted with the engraved works of the Great Masters when firmly fixed to their mounts in the jealously guarded print-room or under the keen eye of their owner.

The author tells us in his Preface that in the work which he presents to the public he has followed the *Peintre-Graveur* of Bartsch, and that he will be content if it is found a useful supplement to the work of his predecessors. He has, therefore, respected the enumeration already established, introducing only an alphabetical order for greater convenience of reference, but venturing to discard, for what he considers sufficient reason, some of those whose names appear in the earlier catalogues. It is a little doubtful to what extent the principle of selection is admissible, though it is easier to accept than to controvert the argument of M. Dutuit that inferior artists whose works have never succeeded in obtaining even the smallest share of popular favour need no longer be recognised, and had better be forgotten. Certainly, the world would be none the poorer if some hundreds of worthless prints disappeared altogether. Few collectors, for instance, keenly as they may pursue their pleasant avocation, would care to be the owners of even a complete series of etchings by Glauber, or of the fifty-three indifferent landscapes by Adrien van der Cabel, however "important" such prints may have seemed to the dealers of the day. And, if some etchers are to be forgotten and others recorded for all future time, we could probably have no safer guide as to which to select than M. Dutuit, who, in this single volume, has eliminated no less than ten of those who are recorded by Bartsch. As a compensation, he has introduced de Frey, of whose copies after Rembrandt he speaks in high and well-deserved commendation; Cuyp, whose etchings have an interest for us, although, compared with his better-known work, they have no special merit; de Goudt, known as a translator of Elzheimer; and Goyen, hardly known as an etcher at all. We wish, though it is not for their beauty, that he could have found space for Brouwer and the Collearts, and that his list of the lesser men whom he has admitted had been more complete. Two of these, Blooteling and Hans Bol, had, we think, better have been omitted altogether than appear as the authors of the few prints which he has described after their names.

The description of the works of the greater

masters who have found a place in this volume is very full and satisfactory. It may be objected that of two of them, at least, comprehensive catalogues exist already; and, with Wiberal and Drugulin upon our shelves, there is not, one would think, much room for any further notes on van Dyck and Everdingen. But the student and amateur, who requires, above all things, *exactness* in a "Manuel," will welcome every addition to, or confirmation of, previous knowledge, and think that labour has not been ill-bestowed which has tended to rectify error or give greater accuracy of description.

But, whatever the critic may say as to the completeness of the "Manuel," he will turn with interest to those passages which treat of the authenticity of questionable or controverted points. The conclusions of an experienced *connoisseur* may not lightly be set aside. The almost logical proof which we require from an amateur whose acquaintance with any particular master's work is but of yesterday cannot be demanded from one who brings to that work almost a life-long experience, and who has no object in stating his conclusions beyond that of settling at once and for ever the true authorship of a plate which may even bear the master's inscription, or have been long believed to come from his hand. We therefore gratify a natural curiosity in seeking his opinion before we reject or retain these disputed points. Not to multiply instances, there are two which have for us a special attraction. One of these is the etching of the bust of *Socrates*, an excessively rare print, which in the earliest lists was assumed to be by van Dyck. Carpenter, in his *Pictorial Notices of Sir Anthony van Dyck* (London, 1844), and more recently M. Henri Hymans, place this etching among the very few left to us by Rubens. M. Dutuit, we observe, does not assign it at all, but records it only as "attributed to van Dyck." The print is very interesting, since, if Carpenter is right, it gives us a key to other possible work of the great Antwerp master. An accurate *facsimile* of the *Socrates* will be found on p. 147 of the *Histoire de la Gravure dans l'Ecole de Rubens*, by M. Hymans (Brussels, 1879). The other print is the *Waverius*, of which a unique first state, after reposing for many years in the choice cabinets of Mr. W. Sackville Bale, recently emerged from its retirement to pass through the ordeal of a sale-room, again to become shrouded in a collection into which only the eyes of the privileged few can follow it. The portrait is that of a certain John van der Wouwer, Latinised into Waverius, a gentleman in the service of the Archduke Albert, learned and high-born, but whose memory, except for this portrait, would hardly have survived to our time. The print exists in seven states: of the first, in pure etching, only the one example just mentioned is known; of the second, still unfinished, but two impressions exist; the third, from the plate as finished by Paul Pontius, is excessively rare; a fourth appeared in the very rich collection of Mr. Julian Marshall; not until the fifth state is the inscription added to make the plate complete. The unique first state mentioned above realised at Messrs. Christies' the extraordinary price of £450—a larger sum than,

when Mr. Bale began to collect, would have secured fine examples of the whole series. But is it a van Dyck at all? The high price which it brought is rather in proportion to its rarity than to its merits, although Mr. Carpenter, in his *Pictorial Notices*, considered that it exhibited a "rare union of extreme delicacy with decision of execution," and unhesitatingly accepted it as authentic—an opinion in which he has been supported by more than one distinguished *connoisseur*. M. Dutuit, on the other hand, as unhesitatingly rejects it, believing it to be from its first inception the work of Pontius, and supports his conclusion not only by critical remarks upon the work itself, but by a further argument which carries considerable weight. It is known that a large number of the portraits which van Dyck executed for engraving are still in existence—they are in pencil, in Indian ink, in bistre, &c. Some of these drawings were partially etched upon the copper by the master himself, and, after a few impressions had been taken, were completed by others who worked under his direction; but for the greater part he furnished only the designs. Three years after van Dyck's death, in 1642, the finished portraits were collected into one volume by Giles Hendrix, and from the first word of the title, *Iconum principium*, &c., the collection was styled the *Iconographie*. The inscription below all the plates which were known to be after van Dyck runs thus—*Antonio van Dyck pinxit*; while below those few of which he only etched a part the inscription is in every case *A.*, or *Ant. Van Dyck fecit aquaforti*. It is a significant fact that the inscription *pinxit* appears on the *Cornilessen*, *Snellinx*, *Stevens*, and *Trieste*, all of which are acknowledged to be doubtful, and that this print, the *Waverius*, bears also the inscription of *pinxit*, and not that of *fecit aquaforti*. That it has not been earlier relegated to the second place is probably due, not only to the excellence which it undoubtedly possesses, and to its having had the *imprimatur* of Mr. Carpenter, but because, from its extreme rarity in its earlier states, few competent authorities have had the opportunity of comparing it; and it is hardly necessary to say that those who know it only in the later impressions are but imperfectly qualified to decide. M. Dutuit, well acquainted with the earlier states, tells us that he long ago discarded the print. Whether its present owner will be entirely satisfied with this decision is not ours to enquire; but, from the eagerness shown at the sale to secure its possession, it is evident that M. Dutuit's disbelief is not shared by collectors, though some doubt must always remain as to its authenticity.

The descriptions of the plates of Everdingen and Goltzius, which fill so large a part of the volume, give evidence of extreme care and accuracy; no such complete list of the work of the latter has before this appeared. The book is enriched by several admirable reproductions, among which the *Dead Christ on the Knees of the Virgin*, Goltzius (No. 41, p. 412), is perhaps the happiest. The printing and paper and large octavo size are worthy of the contents of the volume, which, if not exactly a "Handbook" in the English acceptance of the term, is, and will always

remain, a monument of extraordinary and patient research, as well as a very valuable work of reference.

C. H. MIDDLETON-WAKE.

#### THE DISCOVERY AT THEBES, EGYPT.

A GREAT sepulchral treasure, upon which the daily papers have of late been reporting with more or less accuracy, has been brought to light at Thebes. Some misconception having prevailed with regard to the identity of the royal mummies, and the way in which the discovery was brought about, readers of the ACADEMY will doubtless be glad to know the exact particulars.

Observing how, for the last ten years, relics of great value and rarity have been steadily finding their way from Egypt to Europe, Prof. Maspero had long suspected the Arabs of having found a royal tomb. When, however, an English traveller presented him, some little time ago, with a photographed reproduction of the first pages of a superb Ritual bought at Thebes, and that Ritual proved to be the funeral papyrus of Pinotem I., his suspicion became certainty, and he determined to get at the bottom of the mystery. Having succeeded Mariette-Pasha as Director and Conservator to his Highness the Khedive, Prof. Maspero proceeded last spring to make his first official trip to Upper Egypt. Arrived at Thebes, and confident that he had laid his finger upon the right man, he at once ordered the arrest of a certain well-known dealer and guide called Abd-er-rasoul. This man (who, with his two younger brothers, lives in the tombs behind the Ramesseum) was then conveyed to the district prison at Keneh, where for two months he maintained an obstinate silence. The other brothers, meanwhile, had the trade to themselves, and fraternal jealousy at last moved the captive to betray their joint secret. Hereupon the Governor of Keneh telegraphed to Cairo. By this time Prof. Maspero had left for Europe; but Herr Emil Brugsch, Keeper of the museum at Boolak, and Ahmed-Effendi-Kemal, the acting secretary and interpreter, started immediately for Thebes, and transported the treasure to Cairo. I am indebted for these details to Prof. Maspero, from whom I have received a long and interesting letter dated August 4. Believing that he will not object, I translate word for word his account of the objects discovered: "We have put our hands, not upon a royal tomb, but upon a hiding-place in which were piled—perhaps after the great tomb robberies of the Twentieth Dynasty, or more probably at the time when Thebes was sacked by the Assyrians—thirty-six mummies of kings, queens, princes, and high-priests. Thus we have the mummy of a Raskenen; that of Amenophis I. and of his wife Ahmes-nofertari; that of Thothmes II.; of Rameses XII.; of Pinotem I.; of the Queen Isi-m-Kheb; of the Queen Notemit, &c., &c.; the whole representing some 6,000 new objects, including five papyri, one of which is the funeral papyrus of the Queen Makera, of the Twentieth Dynasty, and two *plaques* similar to those I have already published, and which, by-the-way, must have come from this source."

Rameses XII., it may be observed, was the Pharaoh who despatched the Ark of Khonsu to Mesopotamia for the cure of the Princess of Bakatana—see De Rougé, *Sur une Stèle égyptienne* (1858), and Birch on "The Possessed Princess," *Records of the Past*, vol. iv. (1875); and Pinotem I. was grandson and successor of Her-Hor, the usurping high-priest and chief prophet of Amen who deposed the successors of Rameses XII. Pinotem reigned, according to Brugsch, for twenty-five years, and was conquered by the Assyrians under that leader

whom the author of the *Geschichte Aegyptens* styles "the great king of kings." Pinotem, possibly as a matter of policy, called his grandson by the throne-name of Thothmes III., and his granddaughter by the throne-name of Queen Hatasu. Hence the very natural error of the *Times* correspondent at Cairo, who believed he beheld in the newly discovered Ra-men-Kheper and Ramaka, the great Pharaoh and Queen of the Eighteenth Dynasty. The history of this same Ra-men-Kheper is also curious. While Pinotem, his grandfather, was at Tanis, awaiting the Assyrians, he was despatched to Upper Egypt to put down an insurrection at Thebes; but at Thebes his first act was to recall the banished Ramessides, and to accept his ancestor's former rank of high-priest of Amen. After this, we meet with some more princes of the name of Rameses, ending with a Rameses XVI. Princess Ramaka, whose name is written Karamat by Brugsch, married Shishak I., and so became Queen of Egypt.

And now we ask, What has become of the mummies of all the missing Pharaohs between Raskenen and Pinotem I.? Where are the other Amenhoteps, the other Thothmes, the other Ramessides? Have they been dispersed, or are they still hidden in some cavern not yet discovered? Mariette-Pasha, it will be remembered, long ago advanced a theory that the great temples on the west bank opposite Luxor and Karnak were to be regarded as memorial-chapels pertaining to the tombs of their founders in Bab-el-Molook; and he even suggested that subterranean galleries might possibly connect these temples with the tombs at the other side of the mountain. The hiding-place just found is said to be behind the Temple of Hatasu, at Deir-el-Baharee. It may yet prove to lead through the heart of the mountain into some tomb in the valley of the tombs of the kings; and may not similar tunnels exist in connexion with the Temples of Goorneh and Medinet-Haboo and the Ramesseum?

There can, I imagine, be little doubt that the Prince of Wales's beautiful papyrus (which is still on view in the long Egyptian gallery at the British Museum) came from the hiding-place which has just yielded its treasure to Boolak.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

#### THE CAMBRIAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY AT CHURCH STRETTON.

UNDER happy auspices, the Cambrian Society transferred its place of meeting this year to the English side of the border, and made closer acquaintance with the roads and hills, baronial halls and feudal strongholds, of South Shropshire, the camps and castles which environ the heights of the Wrekin, the Longmynd, and Caer Caradoc. Church Stretton, by its name, betokens its proximity to Watling Street, which here runs up the valley on its course from Magna or Kenchester to Uriconium or Worcester. Whatever is left of intelligence, *esprit de corps*, or enthusiasm as to earlier history centres in the dwellers round about this thoroughfare of the past; and hither, night after night, when the day's excursions were over, trooped natives and foreigners to compare notes with each other.

The evening meetings were well chosen and appropriate. Mr. Drinkwater, at Shrewsbury, where the club dined with a local society, read an erudite paper on "The Inner Wall of Shrewsbury;" and no small life was thrown into the history of the church of St. Mary, a puzzle of architecture of cruciform shape, and containing nave, side-aisles, chancel, transept, and two

chantry chapels. Beside the Norman semi-circular arches here, and those leading from the aisles to the transept, there is much to study in the judicious restoration of the fine old abbey-church; to say nothing of that problem which occupied archaeologists on Tuesday last—the stone pulpit in the garden overlooking the street, designed for a local brother to address his fellows from (similarly to the use adopted of old at Tintern, in Monmouthshire) while the brethren were at meals. These were but a prelude to those rare old houses, gates, and doorways—of which a prominent one was that of Mr. Lloyd—the Whitehall, and Rowley's mansion of the fourteenth century, with its original chestnut roof. But to explore the timbers of Salop you must not parcel yourself for churches, names, roofs, &c., but go in for one or other. So, dinner done, we went back to Stretton, where, at the evening meeting, the veteran Rev. J. D. Latouche read a lucid and learned paper from Mrs. Slackhouse Acton's notes on Stokesay Castle, which was to be visited on the morrow, *en route* for Ludlow—a paper which both described one of the finest examples in England of a castellated mansion of the thirteenth century, and also let the hearers into the touching devotion of the Earl of Craven for the Princess of Bohemia. It was at Stokesay, too, that was slain Sir William Crofts, in the words of Vicars "the best head-piece and the activest man in that country slain in the place." Tradition tells that the men of Luston, whom he led to the fight, basely abandoned him in the hour of danger, and their descendants were taunted with their cowardice for successive generations. Much of the interior of the castle betokens some refinement of architecture, notably its principal apartment, with elaborate mantelpiece and wainscoted chamber, by some held not earlier than the second Charles. The gate-tower of the tower is an example of grotesque carving; and the church has two old carved pews, like those at Rhug Chapel, in Merionethshire.

The next day was given up to tracing the road of the Wenlock edge to the quaintly placed fabric of the priory of Milburgh, granddaughter of Mercian Kings, and the relic of her quondam seat and nunnery. Time will not permit our delaying over it; and, truth to tell, a feeling of *ξενιασμός* prevents many who have the possession of abbey-churches or priories from greeting enthusiastic strangers to shrines which they can best make their own by throwing open to the stranger's eye. The move from Wenlock was a hurried retreat. On from thence the archaeologists went (by rail) to the Cistercian monastery or "alluvial flat" of Buildwas, where the proportions of the building are ample and noble, and where there was every disposition to suffer liberal and intelligent admission to the chapter-house, the choir, and the rest of the interesting remains. Among these were the abbot's house, the ambulatory, the chapel, and a large hall of the thirteenth century with interesting doorways and carved stones. After making their way to Wenlock, and so to Acton Burnell to see the building where Edward I. held his first Parliament in 1283, the party got back by Leebotwood Station for Church Stretton, girding themselves up for a final excursion to Haughmond Abbey and Uriconium. Of the former, it is only necessary to say that it is still in its ruins a very charming old sanctuary of the Augustine canons, whose amply proportioned guest-hall (eighty-one feet long) and other striking features are enhanced by a striking view of the Breidden and Montgomeryshire hills. To have agreed to the inclusion of Uriconium and its treasures in the day's march, we take to have been flat slaughter of two birds with one stone, for which reason we shall forbear any description of the discoveries or researches of the day till some other occasion.

JAMES DAVIES.

## A PUBLIC ART GALLERY FOR MANCHESTER.

THE Royal Institution of Manchester, which was originally established on a similar basis to the Royal Institution of London, but which has developed more on the artistic than either the literary or the scientific side, is about to pass under the control of the City Council. The Royal Institution is the property of a body of shareholders, who are known as "governors," and they have offered, with a view of providing for Manchester an adequate art gallery, to transfer the building (which was designed by Sir Charles Barry) and its contents to the town. There is in it the nucleus of a permanent gallery, including Etty's famous picture of the *Syrens*, and ample accommodation for periodical exhibitions. Some internal alterations of the structure will make the galleries second only to those of the Royal Academy in size and adaptability. The Corporation have undertaken to provide an endowment fund of £2,000 per annum for the next twenty years; and the management will be vested in a composite committee, partly nominated by the City Council, and partly by the members of the existing institution. The negotiations have stretched over several months, but they terminated favourably on Wednesday week, when some modifications desired by the Corporation were accepted by the Council of the Royal Institution. It will be necessary to obtain parliamentary powers for the completion of the transfer. Manchester has thus become possessed in its civic capacity of a handsome building in the central part of the town, with the beginnings of a valuable art gallery and museum of sculpture. There is no doubt that it has lost many valuable legacies because there was no public gallery, and it may be hoped that the public spirit of the present generation will make amends for whatever may have been omitted in the past.

## OBITUARY.

IN announcing the death of Signor Raffaele Pinti, of Berners Street, at the age of fifty-five, the *Times* says that, although best known as an eminent *connoisseur* and dealer in Italian works of art, he was also an artist of no mean powers. Born in the neighbourhood of Rome, Signor Pinti came to this country as a young man, and resided almost continuously in London. His good taste and great knowledge of Italian pictures, sculptures, and works of art in general, assisted by the relations which he maintained with possessors of works of art in all parts of Italy, enabled him during a long series of years to be instrumental in enriching the public and private collections of this country with many very important art monuments. Signor Pinti's enthusiasm and correct judgment in art, as well as his singular sweetness and gentlemanly grace of manner, will not soon be forgotten by those who knew him; and in many ways his premature death will be felt as a sensible loss.

## NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE portrait of Card. Newman by Mr. Ouless, R.A., will be exhibited at the forthcoming autumn exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists.

IF the ideal Christmas card (whatever that may be like) is not produced, it is not for want of encouragement by enterprising firms. Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner's is the second exhibition in London this season, and the prizes offered amount to £3,500. This is, perhaps, the most noteworthy fact about the exhibition in Suffolk Street, which certainly contains some

very beautiful flower-painting, such as 229, 260, 419, 440, and a few charming groups of children, such as 223, but little that is fine in design or original in motive. A word of praise is due to the elaborate and skilful *Dream of Patience* (332), *Love's Young Dream* (319), *Japanese Fans* (669), *Owls* (1102), and *Cats* (1119). Among the other designs, there may be some as good; but as these are over 1,100 in number, and the majority are either only "very pretty" or feeble, we must leave it for the judges to discover them. The artists who have taken upon themselves the onerous duty of selecting the best hundred are Messrs. Millais, Marcus Stone, and G. A. Storey.

THE exhibition of the pictures, &c., selected by the prizeholders of the Art Union of London for 1881 was opened on Tuesday.

MRS. A. LEA MERRITT, the well-known American artist, is said to be painting a portrait of Mr. James Russell Lowell in London.

THE sale of the church ornaments and personal jewellery from Peru, conducted by Messrs. Foster, of Pall Mall, on August 4, fully justified the anticipations which we ventured to express. The total amount realised was £10,778. No less than £2,000 was given for the principal lot of the sale, described as "an antique chased fine gold monstrance, enriched with emeralds, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, pearls, and amethysts," which weighed 378 oz. A second gold monstrance, weighing 185 oz., in the ornamentation of which topazes were conspicuous, fetched £940. The life-size silver pelican, with enamelled gold breast and eyes of large cabochon emeralds, weighing 718 oz., brought £380; an antique enamelled heart-shaped gold reliquary, enriched with diamonds and garnets, £310; a curious silver-gilt mitre, with scrolls of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, &c., £273. Among the articles of personal jewellery, the highest prices obtained were—for two pair of Oriental pearl earrings, £235; for a gold-and-emerald cross, with gold neck-chain, £180; for another gold cross, set with emeralds, £175; for a pair of pearl-and-diamond earrings, £135; for a diamond cross, £126; for a brilliant cluster ring, £125.

*Richard Elmore's Liber Naturae* is the somewhat too ambitious title of a series of autotypes in sepia tint, published in quarterly parts by the Autotype Company, 531 Oxford Street. The part before us contains four autotypes from paintings by Mr. Elmore, which the artist has himself translated into monochrome expressly for the company. What the original pictures may be like we cannot say, but we regret our inability to praise these reproductions with any degree of warmth. They are pervaded by an unpleasant smudginess, which fails to give either breadth or mystery, and which we should be sorry to think an essential characteristic of this method of reproduction. The company may do a good work in popularising art, but it must improve upon this *Liber Naturae*.

MDLLE. MARIE NUSSBAUM, of Campagne Richemont, near Vevey, has gained a prize of £20 for each of the two sets of water-colour designs which she sent to the competition held at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, for Christmas and New Year cards. Mdlle. Nussbaum, whose father, Prof. C. Nussbaum, was for some years Principal of the Commercial College at Vevey, shows a natural aptitude for the artistic grouping of flowers.

IT is intended to open an exhibition (chiefly of modern pictures) at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, on Sunday, the 21st inst. The pictures will be got together by the Sunday Society, and are to be placed in the large lecture-room and the set of rooms opening out of it, one of which it is pro-

posed to devote to water-colour drawings by deceased masters of the English school. Among others, the following have already promised to contribute:—The Rev. Stopford Brooke, Sir Henry Cole, Mr. Walter Crane, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Sir Arthur Hobhouse, Mr. George Howard, M.P., Mr. Holman Hunt, Miss Clara Montalba, Lord Powerscourt, Prof. W. B. Richmond, and Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A. It is requested that all offers of pictures and other communications may be addressed to Mr. J. W. Thompson, at 2 South Square, Gray's Inn.

MR. GEORGE GODWIN has been elected a life trustee of Sir John Soane's Museum, in the place of the late Frederic Ouvry.

WE quote the following from the *City Press*:—With the demolition of the church of St. Matthew, Friday Street, which, on its union with the parish of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, will probably soon be carried out, another of the few remaining churches in the City which were re-erected after the Great Fire in 1666 from designs by Sir Christopher Wren will pass away. The earliest record of the church is in 1322, when the patronage was vested in the Abbot and Convent of Westminster. When this establishment was dissolved and Westminster was made a bishopric by King Henry VIII., the living of St. Matthew's was bestowed on the new diocesan, but was afterwards given to the Bishop of London by Edward VI., who at the same time dissolved the bishopric of Westminster. After the Great Fire in 1666, by which the church was destroyed, the parish of St. Peter, Westcheap, was united to it, and in 1685, at a cost of £2,381 8s. 2d., the present church was built by Sir Christopher Wren. The formation of the church presents a curious peculiarity; it is sixty feet long and thirty-three feet broad, and, the height being equal to the width, the area is in reality a double cube. The Communion table and rails, presented to the church by Mr. James Smyth in 1685, display some good specimens of carving; while the register books contain entries of the marriage, baptism, &c., of many members of the family of Sir Hugh Myddelton, who was also one of the churchwardens.

THE *prix de Rome* for architecture has been awarded as follows by the Académie des Beaux-Arts:—The *grand prix* to M. Deglane; the *second grand prix* to M. Maillart; the *second prix* to M. Julien. The *prix de Rome* for engraving has been unanimously adjudged to M. Lenain.

SEVERAL interesting Roman sculptures and inscriptions have been unearthed in Mainz, the Roman Moguntiacum, during the last week in July, the chief of which have been sent to the local Museum für Alterthümer. One of these is the tombstone of a Roman standard-bearer of the XIV. Legion. In a rounded niche at the top of the stone stands the figure of the deceased, and the inscription below is hardly legible. A second tombstone belonged to a soldier of the same Legion. It has no figure, but the inscription, which is in large clear letters, gives his name as "Marius Servilius Seneca, son of Marius," and describes him as of the citizen-class of the Fabii of Brixen (in the Tyrol), forty years old, and nineteen years in service. In the museum at Wiesbaden there is also a tombstone of a soldier of the Fabian tribe of Brixen. A third tombstone, roughly executed, is that of a Roman knight. He is represented on horseback, with a prostrate foe at his horse's feet whose long hair bound up in a knot indicates him as a German. The fourth monument is the most important, as it is one of the very rare specimens of the tombstones of men of civil calling. It represents a herdsman who was drowned in the Main. The tombstone has

three divisions. In the upper part stands an urn within a triangular niche; the inscription takes up the centre; the lower part contains a figure of the herdsman, whip in hand, a flock of four sheep and one goat, and a landscape indicated by two trees. The inscription runs, "Jucundus M. Terentii L. Pecuarium." This is followed by a metrical address to the "viator" who may chance to see the tomb. The inscription concludes with the words "Patronus de suo posuit." The museum at Mainz is rich in Roman military tombstones, but contained, until the addition of the present discovery, only one of a civilian—the boatman Blussus. The first of these four gravestones shows signs of having been used for building. At the upheaving of the piles of the old bridge of Karl the Great at Mainz, several Roman "finds" have lately been made, including the sandstone monuments of Tertinius Svitulus and another person whose name is illegible, two busts, and a mass of architectural and sculptural fragments. These discoveries go to disprove the theory that the bridge over the Rhine was built by the Romans, for they would never have used their own monuments or the pillars of their temples to serve as foundations. On Saturday, July 30, one of the divers brought up a Roman hammer stamped on one side with the letters "Val. Leg. XIII."

AN exhibition of engravings, both old and modern, of extreme interest is now on view in Paris at the Cercle de la Librairie et de l'Imprimerie on the Boulevard St.-Germain. Many private collectors, notably Baron Edmond de Rothschild and M. Eugène Dutuit, to whose stores of artistic wealth we bear witness in another column, have generously lent the rarest treasures from their portfolios. The entire history of engraving and its kindred arts may here be traced from the early German master, only known by the initials E. S. (1466), down to the most recent French etchings. Rembrandt is especially well represented with the portrait known as *The Burgomaster Six*, which fetched 17,000 francs at the recent Didot sale, and a proof of the *Pièce aux cent Florins*, for which its present owner gave 30,000 francs. The *Catalogue de l'Exposition*, by M. Georges Duplessis, is itself a valuable work of art. It not only contains an historical sketch of the history of engraving, but is enriched with many plates taken from the magnificent art-books which French publishers are so lavish in producing.

IN face of the storm of congratulation with which Dr. Schliemann has recently been welcomed to Berlin, it may be worth mentioning that his "discovery of Troy" has by no means won universal acquiescence from the scientific archaeologists of Germany. Dr. Brentano has just published a pamphlet of considerable size, entitled *Zur Lösung der trojanischen Frage* (Heilbronn: Henninger), in which he argues that the site of Homer's city is yet to seek.

An important work of restoration was successfully finished last month in the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle. The mosaics in the cupola, which had been almost obliterated by the whitewash of successive generations of vandals, have been replaced by Antonio Salviati, of Venice, the excellence of whose work we are familiar with in the Albert Memorial and the Wolsey Chapel at Windsor. Little was left of the old mosaics beyond a reminiscence that they represented Christ in his glory receiving the homage of the saints. A design had to be composed afresh in cartoons, from which M. Salviati executed his work. Three years were given him for his task; but he has accomplished it in two years, to the complete satisfaction of all who have seen the new mosaics.

WE learn from the *Times* that the demolition of the bakers' ovens and other wretched edifices

built up against the posterior portion of the Pantheon has revealed the grand old walls which connected it with the *thermae* of Agrippa, of which plans and engravings are to be found in the works of Fea and other archaeological writers.

THE French Government have made their usual large number of purchases at the Salon, notwithstanding that it has passed from their control. Among the works in sculpture bought are M. Allard's marble group, *La Mort d'Alceste*, which won the medal of honour; M. Allouard's *Bacchus d'Enfant*; *Céphale et Procris*, by Damé; *Eros*, by Coutan; *Femme jouant avec son Enfant*, by J. B. Hugues; and *Saint-Jean*, by Dampt.

THE *Revue politique et littéraire* for August 6 contains an enthusiastic description, by Mme. C. Coignet, of the female art-school founded at Rome by Miss Mayor. Up to the present time Miss Mayor has herself defrayed the greater part of the expenses, but she now appeals for public subscriptions to place on a permanent basis the work which she has so unselfishly inaugurated.

A PORTION of the *prix Marcellin-Guérin* has been awarded by the Académie française to M. Eugène Müntz for his authoritative work on Raphael.

FRANCE apparently likes to proclaim her belief in *Gloria Victis*, for the Paris Municipal Council have decided to grant permission to all provincial towns that shall desire it to reproduce in bronze M. Mercié's celebrated group now placed in the Square Montholon. The converse sentiment has done its worst in flooding Germany with hideous monuments. It must detract seriously from the joy of the conqueror at the present day to know that he and his deeds are sure to be cast in bronze.

SINCE the completion of Cologne Cathedral, the band of German architects who accomplished that great work have naturally been looking out for some other undertaking of similar character. German ardour likewise seems more willing to expend itself in great works of restoration and completion than in original achievement. The restoration of Strassburg Minster was long considered, but finally it has been decided that Aix-la-Chapelle shall be the next great national undertaking. This beautiful basilica dates back to the time of Charlemagne, and is far richer than Cologne in archaeological interest and historical associations. Indeed, no other building in Germany can claim such a momentous past as that which contains the tomb of the first German Emperor.

It is, of course, a national duty that such a building should be preserved as far as possible, but it is doubtful whether posterity will thank the present age for its completions and reconstructions. One of the main proposals at Aix-la-Chapelle is to rebuild the tower of the eastern *façade*, which was burnt down two centuries ago. This is to be rebuilt according to the original design; but it is not stated how, in the nineteenth century, the faith and aspirations are to be reconstructed out of which such buildings grew, as it were, spontaneously, in mediaeval times. Now, at best, all that can be attained is a forced imitative construction, not a free growth; and, this being the case, it might be wiser for the present age to express its own thoughts and science, rather than attempt to turn back to the designs of an age of faith, when the faith necessary for carrying them out has long been dead.

AT the last meeting of the Académie des inscriptions et belles lettres, M. Heuzé announced that important discoveries had been made in Mesopotamia by a Frenchman, M. E. de

Sarzec, who has been conducting explorations in that country despite a most unhealthy climate and disturbances among the native tribes. It was stated that M. de Sarzec's discoveries throw valuable light upon the origin and history of Chaldaean art; but details are wanting.

THE publishing house of Ernest Leroux, at Paris, has just issued the first part of a magnificently illustrated work by M. O. du Sartel, entitled *La porcelaine de Chine: origines, fabrication, décors*. This first part treats of Chinese porcelain in Europe; and four more parts will be required to complete the work.

ACCORDING to the American papers, the next annual exhibition of the Society of Painter-Enchers will be held at New York.

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